HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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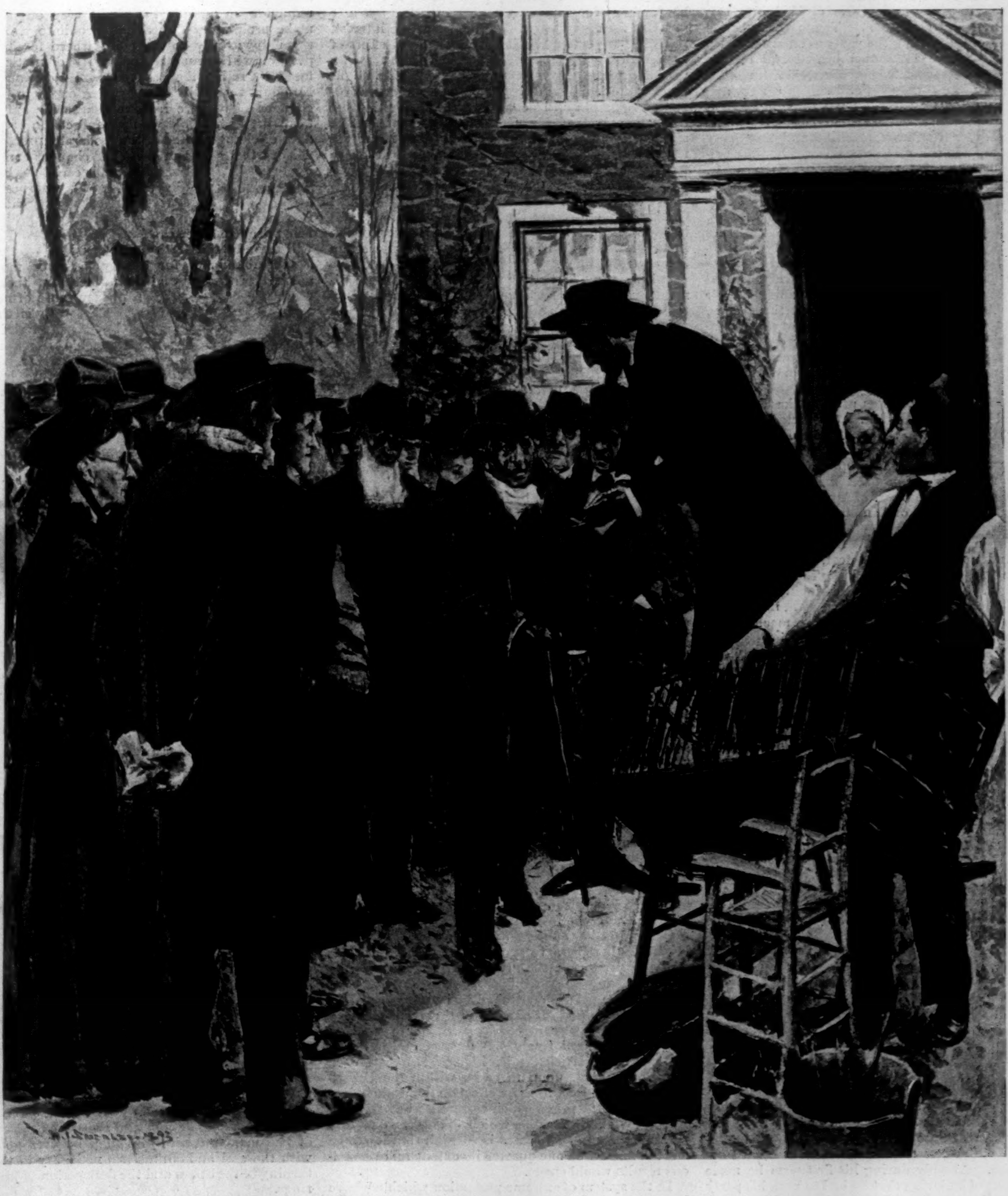

"GONE—TO— WHAT IS YOUR NAME, STRANGER?"—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

[SEE THANKSGIVING STORY, PAGE 1154.]

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MR. CLEVELAND AND THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.

MR. CLEVELAND is a party man. For this no reasonable person will find fault with him. As a party man he wishes his party to be united, strong, and prosperous. This, too, is natural enough. But as to the question how the party can best be united and be made strong and prosperous, opinions may differ.

It is a notorious fact that in the State of New York, which in several national elections has figured as the pivotal State upon whose vote the result depended, the Democratic party is divided into two hostile camps—on the one side Tammany Hall and the State machine ruling the party organization with despotic power for their own benefit, and on the other a great mass of Democrats who are unwilling to submit to so despotic and selfish a rule, and many of whom belong to the party only on account of the public good they think it capable of promoting. Last year the State machine and Tammany Hall arrayed the party organization against the evident desire of the Democratic masses to have Mr. CLEVELAND nominated for the Presidency. An uprising of the Democratic masses under respectable leadership, the "anti-snapper" movement, took place, the moral effect of which secured Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination. In the campaign the party was reunited; that is to say, Tammany Hall and the State machine, having suffered a stunning defeat, accepted the inevitable, and gave the national candidate a fair support. They had to do this to save themselves, and thus they retained control of the party organization in this State, in which the "anti-snappers," finding themselves somewhat discountenanced by the national administration, abstained from disturbing them.

The power so retained was used by the State machine and Tammany Hall in a characteristic way. They not only put into the Federal Senate a person ludicrously unfit to represent the dignity of this State, but they insulted the people of New York by ordering the nomination of a man charged with crime for a seat in the Court of Appeals. To this the Democratic opponents of Tammany and of the State machine would not submit. They revolted in sufficient numbers to defeat the party in the State election. And now, after this defeat, and encouraged by it, the "anti-snappers" of last year come to the front again, and openly take steps to build up a permanent party organization of their own, in the control of which Tammany and the State machine are to have no part. Thus it is evident that in the State of New York the Democratic party is not only not united, but that, internal war having openly been declared, it will remain disunited until one or the other of the contending forces finally succumbs—that is, until the stronger force succeeds in rendering the weaker utterly powerless, and in absorbing it, or in driving it out of the party ranks. The opponents of Tammany and of the State machine must make up their minds to it that they will have no real and lasting success until those institutions are effectually destroyed. This may involve a series of Democratic defeats in the State, but unless the leaders of the opposition familiarize themselves with the thought that the evil they combat requires the most heroic of remedies, they might as well give up the fight at the beginning. They know that with Tammany and the State machine in control no good government is possible, and a decisive victory over them is worth the trial of some preceding defeats.

Indeed, the present state of the public mind is such that victory seems within their grasp if their energy and determination hold out. The greatest danger that threatens the movement lies in the proneness of the politician to unite the party for the achievement of occasional advantages before this struggle is finally decided. Every effort to compromise differences by uniting upon common candidates selected from the two sides, although it may appear temporarily useful, will always result in demoralizing and weakening the opposition to Tammany Hall and the State machine. And this is the point which President CLEVELAND would do well seriously to consider.

In this respect we think he has missed great opportunities. Already during his first term he made the mistake of believing that he had to keep his party united *as it was*. He might have united it upon a new and stronger footing, and at the same time rejuvenated it. He thought he had to satisfy, as much as possible, the whole of it by the distribution of the patronage. Had he treated the public offices *throughout* as a public trust, and discarded the spoils idea altogether, he would have dissatisfied many men in his party, but he would have brought into it a larger number of men standing ready to cast their lot with a consistent reform administration; and his party would have been not exactly the same, but morally and numerically stronger than ever before. The same opportunity presented itself after his second election; but he not only missed it again, but thought it even necessary to bestow some "recognition" upon the organization most antagonistic alike to himself and to good government. He no doubt considered the appointment of Mr. DAYTON to the Postmastership of New York city an especially clever stroke, Mr. DAYTON being a personally reputable man, while at the same time a member of Tammany Hall. This appointment was to serve in uniting the party. But Mr. CLEVELAND forgot that he who wishes to be a Tammany man in good standing, and to satisfy the controlling spirit of the organization, must be not only a member, but a servant and tool of Tammany Hall. Mr. DAYTON, accordingly, with becoming promptness, announced his partiality for Tammany workers, who always care more for the organization than for the public interest, in filling the offices in his gift. The real effect of the appointment was to make people believe that if a man had personally a reputable character, he might become the tool of a disreputable and dangerous organization, and still be considered fit for public trust by a President of Mr. CLEVELAND'S stamp. The appointment was therefore calculated to lower the tone of public morals, and, by providing for the sustenance of Tammany workers, to make the fight against Tammany somewhat more difficult. It certainly did nothing to unite the party. Indeed, Mr. CLEVELAND, if uniting the party was his aim, must have been struck by the fact that the recent election in this State was a triumph of his principles and a defeat of his policy.

It is to be hoped that he will not repeat the experiment. He should not be asked to aid in building up the anti-Tammany and anti-machine Democracy by promising it all the patronage of the national administration. The less he meddles with New York politics the better it will be for him and for his friends in this State. He should only make his appointments strictly according to the true interest of the public service. If he conscientiously follows this rule he will surely appoint nobody who is in any manner under the control of a selfish and tyrannical organization, and therefore likely to turn his official power to illegitimate uses. The most effective way in which Mr. CLEVELAND can aid the opponents of boss rule in this and other States is by observing with uncompromising fidelity the principles of good government.

TARIFF CHANGES AND DISTURBANCE OF INDUSTRY.

THE silver question is settled; the elections are over; and we may now expect more attention to be paid, both by Congress and the public, to tariff legislation. There can be no question that the Democratic leaders will push the remodelling of the tariff, which was the main issue in the election of 1892. This is the one point on which the party is thoroughly united. President CLEVELAND has never flinched from the outspoken attitude which he took so courageously in his message of 1887. The dissensions and the bitterness which the currency question aroused in the Democratic ranks can perhaps be cured and party harmony restored by united action on the tariff.

As to the changes which are likely to come, it must be remembered that a great many reductions in duty will be more nominal than real. Many protective duties, probably the larger part of those now in force, are absurdly high even from the protective point of view. A duty of one hundred per cent. upon an article which is produced as cheaply in the United States as anywhere is, in most cases, simply the innocuous printing of so many words upon the statute-book. If there is no trust or combination among the domestic producers, the article so produced will be sold as cheaply within this country as abroad; and, after all, the articles controlled by combinations and monopolies, important as some of them individually are, do not compare in volume with the great mass of goods produced freely. A duty of one hundred per cent. upon articles which it costs perhaps ten or twenty per cent. more to make within the United States may, indeed, have an effect on domestic industries, and on the prices which consumers have to pay. But the wall of protection which shields the domestic manufacturer in such cases is so high that it can be cut to one-half or one-quarter its extent and no serious results would ensue.

In the system of extreme protection which we have had for the last thirty years a very large number of duties of this sort have become fastened on the statute-book. Thus, the common grades of cotton goods are subject to duties of sixty to seventy per cent. They can be made, and are made, as cheaply in the United States as anywhere, and the duty on them could be cut down practically to nothing without hurting anybody. Again, cheaper woollen cloths and blankets are subject to duties of one hundred per cent. and more. The duties are simply prohibitory, and could be cut down to one-half or one-third of the present rate without further effect than that of waking up the domestic producers a bit.

A great many of the changes likely to be proposed and enacted at the coming session of Congress will be of this sort. We have no means of knowing what will be the details of the measure that will be laid before the House by the present Committee on Ways and Means. But it is well known what a similar committee—that of which Senator MILLS was chairman—proposed in 1887-8; and there is not likely to be a very great difference between the plan on which the Democrats went before the people in 1888 and the plan which the Democrats will carry out after having been successful on the same issue of 1892. There will be a substantial addition to the list of free raw materials, and there will be a considerable cutting down of the duties on manufactured goods. But the reduction on manufactures will very often simply make prohibitory duties less prohibitory, or bring them down only to the point where foreign competition will stimulate and vivify domestic manufacturers, rather than expose them to serious harm. No doubt there will be, and there ought to be, some changes of a more incisive character; but in the tariff list as a whole we may expect the preponderance of changes to be of the moderate sort.

Nevertheless, when the tariff changes come to be announced, a great hue-and-cry is certain to be raised by the high protectionists about their destructiveness. We shall be told that all manufacturing industries will go to rack and ruin, and that deadly blows are being dealt to American capital and labor. Not only will there be this frothy talk, of which we have had a superabundance for twenty years or more, but among producers and manufacturers themselves there will doubtless be an uneasy sense of new and trying conditions to come. The truth is that the great mass of manufactures have been carried on inside of a wall so high that they have not been able to see what was going on on the other side. Importations have ceased, domestic manufactures have had sole control of the field, and what foreign makers could do if they had a chance nobody knew. Especially in textile industries, the opportunity for a real comparison of prices and qualities in many grades of goods has not existed at all. Those who have looked carefully into the situation are certain that the great mass of American textile industries will hold their own without difficulty in face of a more serious reduction of duties than Congress is likely to enact. But the continual preaching about pauper labor and the disadvantages of the American manufacturer has produced a natural feeling of timidity and uncertainty among business men who have attended to their own affairs, and have had no time to concern themselves with foreign competitors.

The reform of the tariff, to be real, must at best be somewhat unsettling. A change from the very worst tariff system to the very best would mean some disarrangement of industry, and would inevitably bring a trying period of transition. The real and moderate changes which we are likely to see must cause some readjustment, if they are to be of any benefit to the community at all; but we may prepare ourselves for great exaggerations of their disturbing effects, and may comfort ourselves with the assurance that when they are completed, collapses and break-downs in manufacturing industries will be few if any.

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE spirit of party reorganization is abroad in the city as well as in the State. It would be better if the spirit of change and reform were active in every municipality in the country, for all municipal government in this country is bad. The system is wrong, and no permanent reform can be accomplished until the politics of cities is divorced from the politics of the nation. New York ought to take the lead in this work of municipal reform. It is the largest municipality in the country, and it is the city to which all other municipalities naturally look for a warning or an example. Thus far, it is true, its government and its governors have generally illustrated the worst features of city administration, but the consequences of its ill deeds, and of its elevation of bad men to offices of public trust, have rather stimulated the ambitions and sharpened the cunning of bad men in other cities than inspired good men with the zeal and enthusiasm necessary to the overturning of the bosses and the destruction of predatory rings.

In view of the present ascendency of the reform spirit, the question of real municipal reform again comes to the front. Now is the opportunity of the good men of New York, and if they undertake and accomplish what they might, it will prove in the end to be an opportunity for the whole country. It will be found that bad men are not the only persons who can follow the example of the metropolis, but that real municipal reform in this city will not only stimulate activity elsewhere, but will direct it in the right way and towards the right end.

Party politics ought to have no place in municipal affairs. There is no need to argue that a man's belief on the tariff question is not a reason for choosing him for mayor or alderman. That is not the point on which the party politicians insist. They maintain their machines as influences in city politics, as bases for nominations, in order that they may be kept in working trim for national and State elections, and in order that the municipal offices may add to their stock of rewards for partisan activity. This use of the party machine and this point of view are encouraged and excused by the fact that in nearly every city of the country municipal elections are held on the same day as national and State elections. And right here is one of the reforms which ought to be most resolutely pushed.

While party politics has nothing to do, in essence, with municipal elections, it is impossible to divorce the two at a moment's notice. We are a practical people, and a practical task lies immediately at our hand. The work of reform is urgent, and it must be accomplished by the means at our disposal. Party organizations intend to take part in municipal affairs, and they will probably continue to do so even after the law has decreed separate days for national or State and municipal elections. Two important movements are now going on in this city. The most important and promising is that looking to the reorganization of the Democratic party by the anti-snappers, aided by the small remnant of the old County Democracy who have not joined Tammany Hall. The Republican leaders are also talking of reorganization, but as yet they have taken no decisive steps, and have apparently no well-defined plan in mind.

Reorganization is not the correct term for the Democratic movement. It is really a movement for the establishment of a new organization to oppose CROKER. All good citizens ought to be deeply interested in these movements. They ought to be utilized in this emergency for the permanent good of the city. If any immediate good is to be gained they must be utilized. It remains to be seen whether the outcome of the movements shall be a struggle for a change of rulers, or the establishment of a better system of municipal government. It is not a change of bosses that the city needs, it is a change of its form of government. Undoubtedly, if the new Democratic organization assumes such proportions as its originators predict, the change of bosses would be for the better, at least for a time. Whether the improvement would be permanent is more than doubtful. The city has had the experience of such changes, and knows the tendency of party organizations towards deterioration. Certainly a union of good men of all parties would give the city better officers than CROKER can find among the men who are willing to accept office at his hands. But such a union would not be permanent. As it would be based on party politics, it would fall to pieces at the demand of party exigency, such as the almost irresistible call for party harmony and for a strict drawing of party lines in a Presidential election.

What the city ought to gain out of the present emergency is a form of government that will minimize the dangers and evils resulting from the intrusion of party politics in its affairs, and will make "boss" rule practically impossible. This can be accomplished by present concert of action for real municipal reform between the men who are intent on destroying CROKER and CROKER's allies—the Republican leaders of the Assembly districts. This concert is absolutely necessary, for Tammany cannot be beaten by a hostile Democratic organization, even if it polls more votes than Tammany, so long as "Judge" PATTERSON and his followers are at CROKER's bidding, and furnish a good CROKER Republican inspector in each election district as an associate of two CROKER Democrats. The death of this corrupt combination ought to be one of the blessings of a Republican Legislature, and it will be if good citizens of all parties insist on municipal reform.

There ought to be no difficulty in bringing about such a union in the present state of the public mind. The new Democratic organization ought to desire it, and Republicans and the City Club ought to be willing to act with the anti-Tammany organization to this end. If they do, legislation at Albany will be for the benefit and not to the injury of the city. Moreover, the Constitutional Convention is to meet in May, and it may provide reforms in municipal government that will not only give to cities control of their own affairs, but will strike a blow at "boss" rule that will end it if the people respond by the adoption of the Constitution. The overthrow of CROKER is to be devoutly hoped; but beyond that, the object of all city movements should be the destruction of the seed from which CROKERS spring.

A COMMITTEE ON DRINK.

IN all the more highly civilized countries that venerable puzzle, the drink problem, is forcing itself upon the attention of the authorities in government and science. Science, hitherto, has meddled with it comparatively little. The chief fighters against drink in our time have been the temperance enthusiasts, whose appreciation of the evils of it have been sufficiently vivid, and whose zeal has been intense, but not always according to knowledge. Legislation on the subject has aimed chiefly to keep drink away from men, but its results, where it has had a fair trial, as in Iowa or Maine, have not been altogether satisfactory. In England just now measures are under consideration which aim not to keep drink from drunkards, but to keep drunkards from drink. The submission of plans with such an object marks in itself a considerable progress of opinion in a country where the right to be peaceably drunk has always been considered one of the natural privileges of citizenship. A committee of eminent physicians and persons skilled in dealing with criminals, appointed by the SALISBURY government, has submitted to Parliament a report recommending that power be given to magistrates to commit drunkards to reformatories for a period not exceeding two years. The committee found that many drunkards were cured in reformatories, and that more of them would be cured if they could be kept sufficiently long under restraint and treatment. It proposes that drunkards who voluntarily enter such retreats should be kept until discharged; that the semi-criminal habitual drunkards, with whom the police have to deal, should receive indeterminate sentences of not less than one year, and that magistrates should be empowered to commit ordinary inebriates on the petition of relatives, or in their own discretion. It also proposes to empower the police to arrest without a warrant all persons found drunk in public, and to lock them up for trial. The report, as will be seen, practically denies the right of the contemporary Briton to be a drunkard, or even to be publicly tipsy. If it is adopted, and its recommendations enforced, it would seem likely to make intoxication much less satisfactory, and possibly less popular, in Great Britain than it is at present.

In France, too, the same subject is under serious discussion by experts. M. ZOLA, after his recent visit to London, expressed himself as profoundly shocked by the consumption of intoxicants by English ladies. French women probably drink less, but that French men at least are injudicious in their potations appears very clearly from the published conclusions of M. CHARLES FÈRE, the well-known Parisian authority on nervous diseases, who notices an immense increase in France of the maladies which are his special charge, and thinks it due "to the increase of beer-drinking, absinthe-drinking, and bars." Dr. FÈRE says that twenty-three years ago there was hardly such a thing as a bar in all Paris, but now "one sees them all over the town, and always crowded." He attributes their spread largely to the growth of the passion, now said to be wellnigh universal in Paris, of betting on race-horses. Bars and low eating-houses, where alcoholic drink is sold with or without food, are the centres of resort, he finds, for those small tradesmen, cabmen, cooks, artisans, and so on, who want to get tips and enter into sporting transactions. To the account of this sort of drinking Dr. FÈRE lays the increased development of nervous and mental diseases in infants—an increase which he thinks so serious in amount and so menacing in its portents that he declares that alcoholic drinks are now the great enemy of the races which do not abstain from them, and that if the Aryans go on tippling as they do, they must finally give way to Jews, Arabs, and Chinese.

This is a serious view to take of contemporary drink, and it carries the more weight because it expresses the opinion not of a lay enthusiast, but of a scientific specialist.

The popular impression is that temperance in drink is advancing in this country, but it is reassuring to know that the whole subject has attracted the attention of a body of men who would seem to be exceptionally well fitted to deal with it in all its aspects. The "Sociological Group" has interested itself in the drink problem. The Group began five years ago with fifteen members, including Bishop POTTER, T. T. MUNGER, SETH LOW, RICHARD T. ELY, CHARLES A. BRIGGS, WASHINGTON GLADDEN, EDWARD J. PHELPS, and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Its purpose is the study of modern social questions. At a meeting last spring it voted to form a committee of fifty to investigate the liquor problem, and to that end appointed a committee from its own body to nominate the fifty members. This has been done, and October 20th was the day set for the larger committee to meet, at the United Charities Buildings in New York, for organization and reports.

Here is a committee from the labors of which it would seem that results of real importance might be looked for. The Group proposed that its committee should consider its problem in its physiological, its ethical, and its legislative aspects. The committee includes eminent experts, equal to the consideration of all these aspects, and others besides. Besides the members of the Group it includes such divines as Cardinal GIBBONS, Archbishop IRELAND, Rabbi GOTTHEIL, Bishop GAILOR, Bishop E. G. ANDREWS, Dr. W. R. HUNTINGTON, Dr. W. S. RAINSFORD, and others not less distinguished. Among its scientists are Dr. J. S. BILLINGS, Professors BOWDITCH of Harvard, and FURNAM and CHITTENDEN of Yale, and Dr. WEIR MITCHELL. Among its educators are President ELIOT, President D. C. GILMAN, and General F. A. WALKER. Among men of affairs and employers of labor it has FRANK THOMPSON, MARSHALL FIELD, and CORNELIUS VANDERBILT. Altogether it is a remarkable committee, fit in weight and intelligence to cope with a titanic problem. At the meeting last month the sub-committee on the ethical aspects of drink was to have made a report. The report of the committee on physiological aspects had already come in before that meeting, and maps out an exhaustive inquiry, including investigation of the effects of normal and of abnormal constituents of alcoholic drinks, and of combinations of the two. It proposes physiological experiments, which, it seems, will cost some $30,000, but if such a committee is really in earnest they will not be daunted by considerations of expense.

The American public is very generally interested in the drink problem, and wants the surest and latest information about it. It will rejoice to know that such a body of men as the Sociological Group's Committee is sounding the depths of the subject, and will look for important results from its labors. It will wish to know the committee's opinion of the patent cures for alcoholism that so greatly abound just now, and what conclusion it reaches as to prohibition, local option, and the Guttenberg plan. It will also consider with especial attention the views of the committee on the broad and much-mooted question whether alcohol is a poison which may be tolerated in moderate doses, or a useful servant of man when not abused.

Is alcohol good or bad for civilized man? That, after all, is the query that lies at the centre of the liquor problem. The doctors disagree about it. What will this committee say?

PUMPKIN PIE.

WE are somewhat surprised on examining the records to find that pumpkin pie has never been brought into court. Not that we would prejudge the case by saying that it deserves conviction and punishment, but we are certain that enough is known against it to warrant action by the Grand Jury, and the subsequent investigation of the various legal sequelæ.

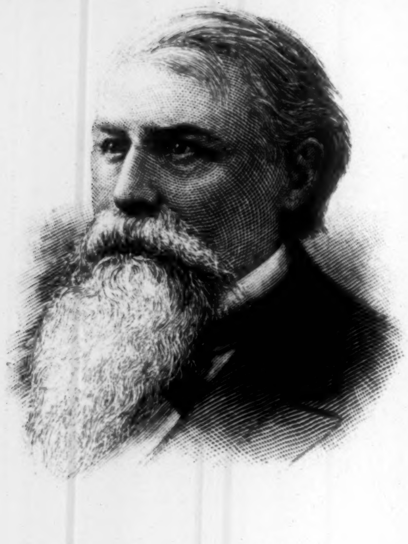
A true bill, therefore, being returned against pumpkin pie, and the attendant bailiffs having got it safely into the dock, we may thoroughly examine it, and determine if possible whether or not this form of plastic food which now holds the American people in its grasp is worthy of confidence. The physical aspects of pumpkin pie are too well known to need more than a passing glance. Pumpkin pie is almost invariably found with but one crust (the lower), and is therefore open-face pie, or, as some scientists prefer, membraneous-top pie. The body is not stratified, and a transverse section shows a uniform coloring, though the glazed upper surface may vary somewhat, it being understood that it is the aim of the more artistic manufacturers to give it the color of the pumpkin from which it is made. It is baked in either round or square tins, the edge of the crust, which in either case extends slightly above the surface and forms a collar, being crimped and puckered in various fanciful designs. It is eaten, by those addicted to the habit, either hot or cold, the taste for it in the latter condition usually marking a later stage of the craving. It is said, on what appears to be trustworthy authority, that many of its victims in Massachusetts and other parts of New England habitually swallow large quantities of it at breakfast. It is hoped that this phase of the habit may be investigated further.

In this judicial examination of the pumpkin pie it is allowable, as a help to establishing its character, that we look into its antecedents; therefore depositions concerning the pumpkin itself may be admitted. We find the pumpkin to be, apparently, the largest of fruits; but on cutting into it it is discovered to be hollow, the spacious interior being simply festooned with a clammy variety of vegetable cobweb, in which the seeds are suspended. Why the pumpkin should not grow solid like the orange is not apparent, unless it is simply to gain credit for size of which it is not deserving. Such gaining of applause under false pretences cannot be too severely condemned. The pumpkin must be set down as a hollow and hypocritical vegetable, and association with it cannot but have a bad effect on character.

But we are not, after all, trying the pumpkin as a fruit, and further consideration of it in a raw state may be omitted. But we wish to raise the questions: "Does not the same insincerity follow the pumpkin into the pie? What part does pumpkin play in the so-called pumpkin pie? Is pumpkin food, especially for breakfast?" In the first place, let us note that the best chemical analyses of pumpkin pie show it to be composed of ginger and stewed pumpkin, with traces of other minor substances. Next we are to observe that hardy investigators who have examined it say that stewed pumpkin in its native or pure state has but little taste, and that little is a bad taste. We come now to the fact that what we taste in pumpkin pie is ginger. By which easy but unassailable steps we arrive in the clear radiance of the truth that in pumpkin pie the pumpkin is a mere medium for holding the ginger in solution, but that nevertheless it has fastened its name upon the pie. It is as if lemonade should call itself water. What the country has been eating all these years, at breakfast and otherwise, is ginger pie.

We cannot hope that our crushing exposure of the disingenuousness of the pumpkin from the hour of its birth upward will have any effect on the name of the pie in which it acts as the vehicle for holding the invigorating and honest ginger in suspension. So long as pumpkin is used as the base for a certain pie, that pie will continue to be called pumpkin pie. But is it not possible that another and better base can be found for the so-called pumpkin pie? Pumpkin being tasteless and unnutritious, there is no reason why it should be eaten even at breakfast. We scarcely know what to suggest to take the place of pumpkin, but wood pulp occurs to us. Wood pulp has been used for so many things during the past few years that it seems not unreasonable that it be extended to pie. It ought to be much cheaper than pumpkin, and would not have its disagreeable taste. It would also have the merit of being nutritious. With wood pulp as a background, as it were, ginger could be liberally projected upon it, and a pie produced which our friend the New-Englander could with impunity sit up in bed and eat before breakfast. But a right start must be made with this pie; honor to whom honor is due; it must be called ginger pie.

THE REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS.—[SEE PAGE 1146.]



JEREMIAH McLAIN RUSK.—[SEE PAGE 1146.]

LORIN F. DELAND.—[SEE PAGE 1147.]

HARVARD HOUSE.

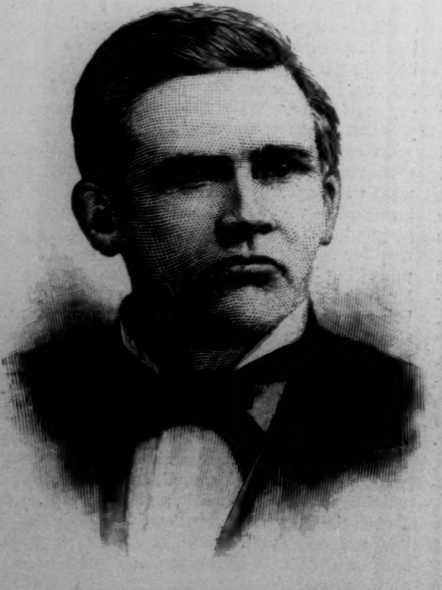
THE recent action of the Harvard Club of New York in building for itself a permanent home to be known as "Harvard House" has excited unusual interest among college graduates, not only in this city, but throughout the country, because it is practically a new departure. University clubs and fraternity buildings are to be found in almost every large city, but no single association of college alumni has ever before attempted the experiment of establishing itself in a club-house especially adapted to its own purposes, and built by means of a fund raised by subscription among its own members. The Harvard Club was founded in 1865, and from that period until 1887 held monthly meetings and an annual dinner, usually at Delmonico's. In 1887 the club was incorporated, and permanent quarters were secured in Clark's restaurant building, No. 11 West Twenty-second Street, the annual dinner taking place, as before, at Delmonico's. In 1890 it became apparent that larger rooms were needed for the monthly meetings and general use of members; the collection of books, portraits, and memorabilia was constantly increasing, and a general desire was expressed for a new building which should be creditable alike to the college and the club. A committee was therefore appointed, known as the Club-house Committee, which took in charge the matter of selection of a site, the raising of the necessary funds, and the general plan of the new structure.

It is a fair indication of the interest taken in the suggestion for a new house that the Harvard graduates of New York—who are probably not so numerous as those of other of the large universities—raised by subscription the sum of $57,000 as a free and unconditional gift to the club. This accomplished, land fifty feet front was purchased on Forty-fourth Street, west of Fifth Avenue, and the architectural work was intrusted to Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, this firm generously offering their designs as Mr. McKim's contribution to the club fund. The house now in course of construction is of the Boston type of Colonial architecture, built of what is known as Harvard brick, with Indiana limestone trimmings. It is three stories in height, and provides on the first floor conversation-rooms and a grill-room; on the second a library, which at present will also be used for the monthly meetings of the club; and on the third floor a billiard-room, card-rooms, etc. The building has been so constructed that in the future an extension may be added providing for a new billiard-room or grill-room on the first floor, with a spacious hall on the second floor, where, in connection with the present structure, it is hoped the annual dinners of the club may be held. It is the purpose of the architects to make the interior a pure example of the Colonial style.

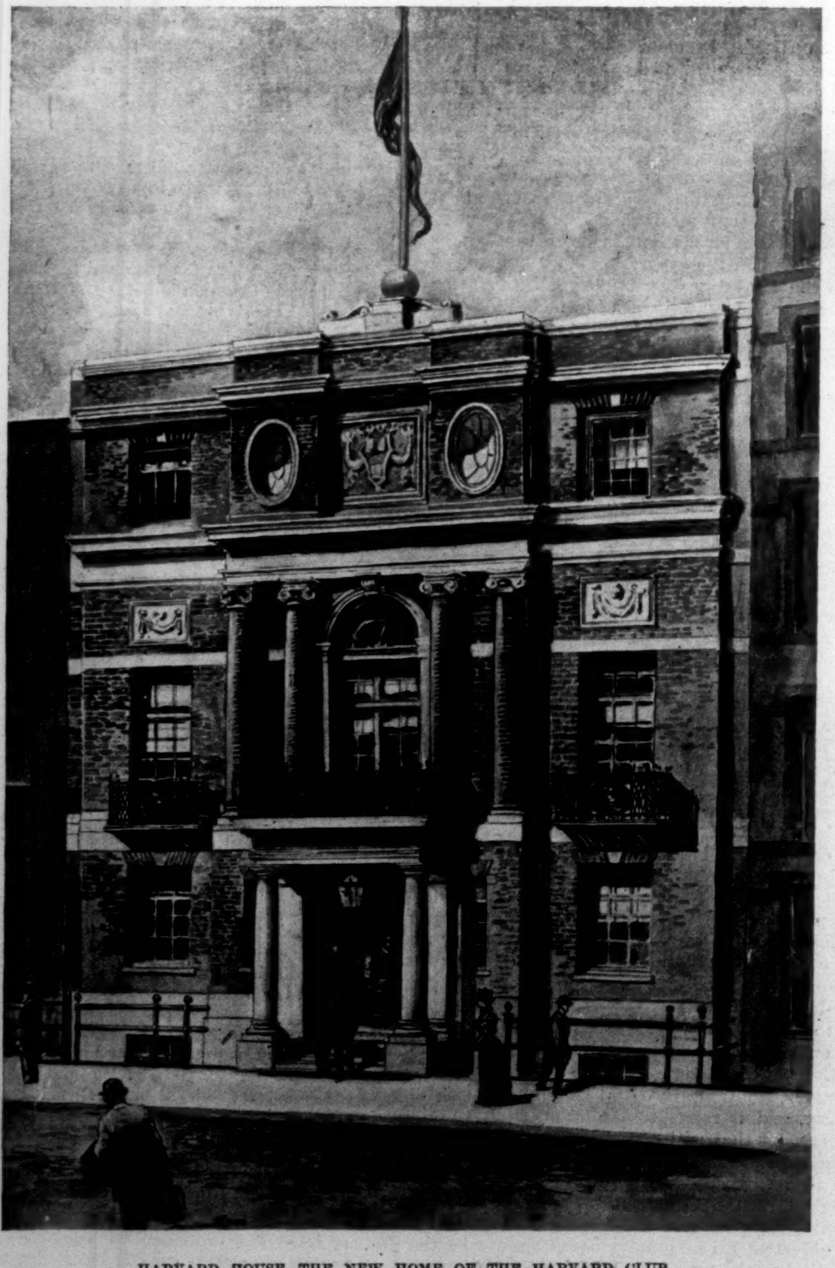
While much will be accomplished in the future, as fresh subscriptions are received from time to time, the new house, when opened next year, will be a striking addition to the architecture of New York, and will probably have the effect of largely increasing the scope of the Harvard Club. The monthly meetings will continue as heretofore, but it is likely that many other class and college entertainments will be given, and much will be done in the way of receiving delegations or athletic teams visiting New York.

The moving spirit in this undertaking has been Mr. Edward King, now serving his fourth term as president of the club, and to him is due great credit for its successful accomplishment.

WILLIAM T. COLEMAN.—[SEE PAGE 1147.]



JAMES H. BLOUNT.—[SEE PAGE 1146.]



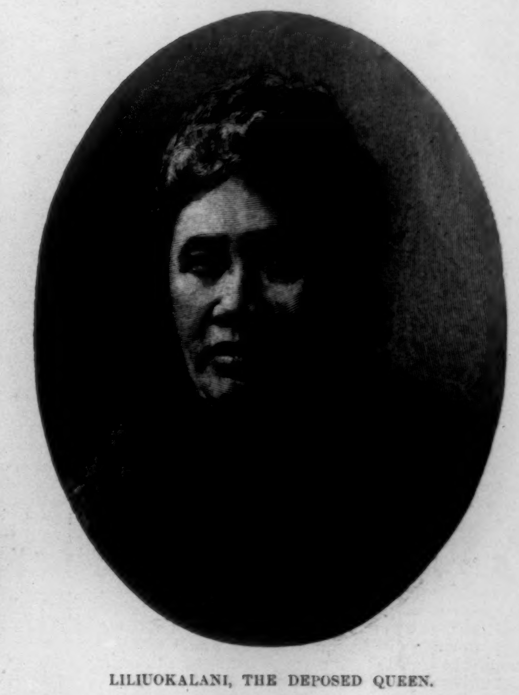
HARVARD HOUSE—THE NEW HOME OF THE HARVARD CLUB.

IN A PINERY.

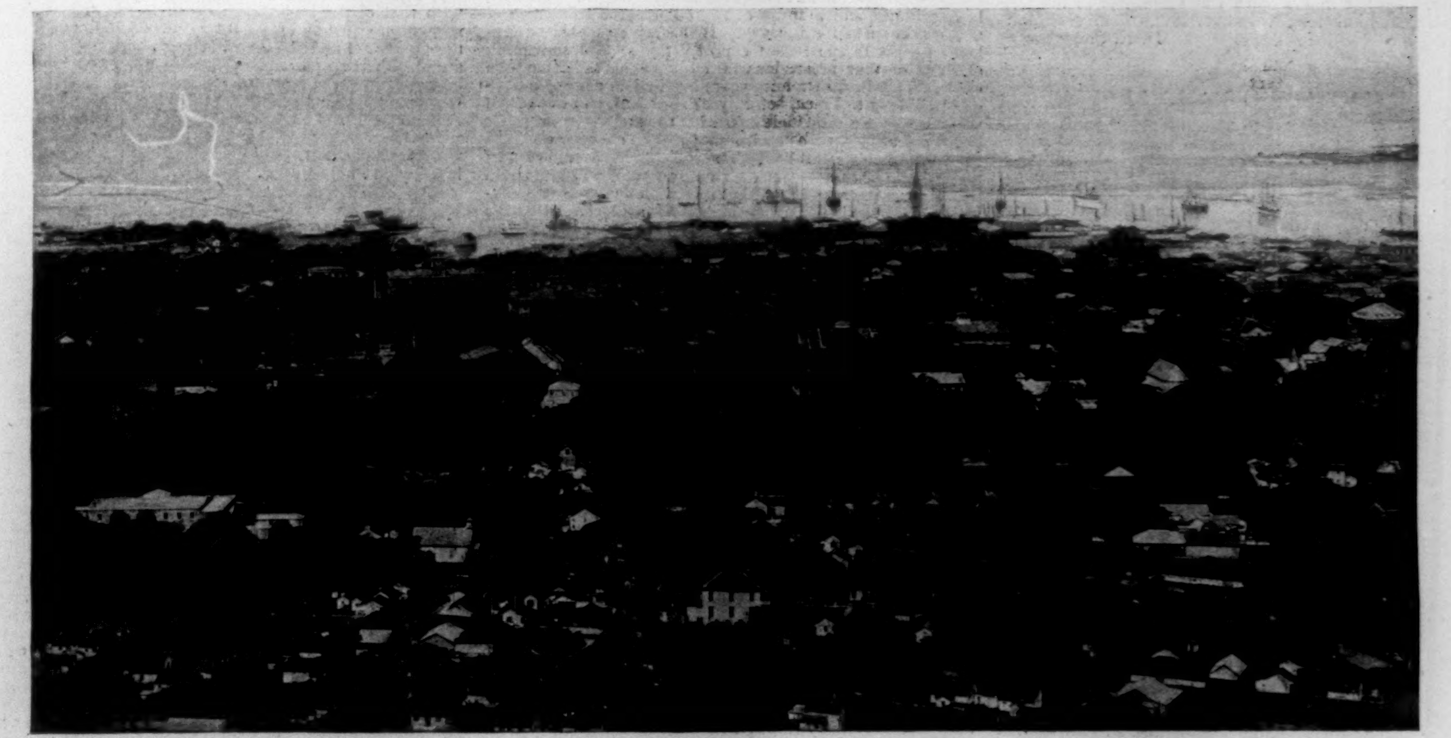
A GLIMPSE OF AN OSTRICH FARM.

HARVESTING SEA-BIRDS' EGGS, LAYSAN ISLANDS.

FLOWER AND GARLAND VENDERS, HONOLULU.



LILIUOKALANI, THE DEPOSED QUEEN.



HONOLULU, FROM THE "PUNCH-BOWL," THE CRATER OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN.

HAWAIIAN SCENES.—[SEE PAGE 1146.]

CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D.

The name of Dr. Deems inevitably suggests the Church of the Strangers, and to speak of the Church of the Strangers is to mention Dr. Deems. The man and the church were inseparable in the public thought. Though Charles Force Deems is dead, he still lives in the Church of the Strangers.

Dr. Deems was always thought of as a Southern man. He was really born on the border (in Baltimore), seventy-three years ago. His education was obtained in a Northern college (Dickinson), and then he went South, and spent the next quarter of a century in Virginia and North Carolina as professor and preacher. He was in middle life, therefore, when he came to New York at the close of the war, and entered upon the career that made his name one to be remembered among the prominent divines of the metropolis.

During the war his sympathies were with the South, and he gave the services of a son to the Confederate army. He took no active part in it himself, however, but quietly pursued his ministerial duties. However strong his feelings may have been, the proclamation of peace found him quite ready to be reconstructed, and his mission to New York was the kindly one of reconciliation. He desired to do something to promote the restoration of good-fellowship between the North and the South. It was by a series of providences, he would say, that he was led to establish the Church of the Strangers, which was entirely independent, having no denominational connection whatever. Some one had heard a casual sermon by him, and wanted to hear him again. A small chapel was hired as an experiment. The little flock grew, and was removed to a larger chapel. Meantime an acquaintance was formed by the new pastor which led to the purchase by Commodore Vanderbilt of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church, and its transfer, as a free gift, to the "Church of the Strangers"—the happy title by which the "free and independent" enterprise became known.

Dr. Deems was both an instructive and attractive preacher. His manner was easy and familiar, his voice clear and sympathetic, and his style racy and exuberant. As a pastor, his large social endowments made him extremely popular. He had a large measure of what the French call *bonhomie*, he told good stories in a charming way, and carried sunshine in face and feeling wherever he went. He was cordially received at the home of Commodore Vanderbilt, whose second wife was a Southern lady who was greatly interested in Dr. Deems. Visitors to New York always included Dr. Deems in the list of eminent preachers whom it would be their pleasure to hear. Though it is one of the "downtown" churches, its unique position and the attractive personality of its pastor have kept it from the usual fate of churches deserted by the population of the immediate neighborhood.

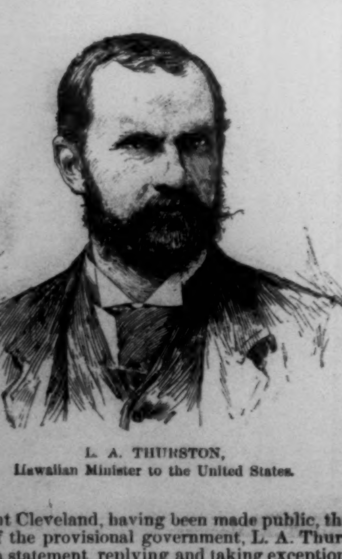
The first work Dr. Deems did after leaving college was done in professorial chairs in Virginia and North Carolina. His success as an educator was such that more than one well-established institution in the South would have been glad to make him its president. He was for some years at the head of Rutgers Female Institute in this city; but he refused to make education his life calling. It was largely through his good offices, however, that the church of his youth, the Methodist Episcopal (South), received such large donations for its chief institution at Nashville. The donation of a round half-million dollars by the elder Vanderbilt in 1873 was the foundation of the university which bears his name. That was a very generous sum in those days, and it was afterward increased. At the laying of the corner-stone of the new building Dr. Deems was present as an honored guest and as the chief speaker. Before he concluded his address a telegram was handed him announcing a further large donation by Mr. Vanderbilt. Dr. Deems paused a moment after reading the despatch, and, with uplifted hands, exclaimed, impressively, "Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God."

The million or more of Northern money which was sent into the South through the influence of Dr. Deems to establish a great university is one of the evidences that his mission of reconciliation was not a vain one.

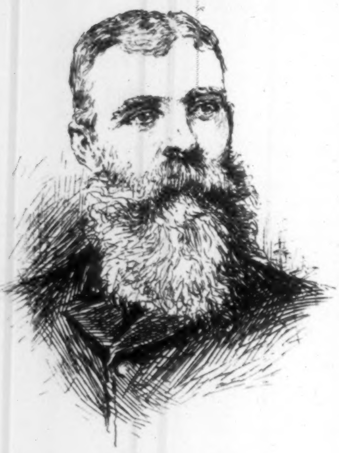
Last June Dr. Deems and his wife celebrated their golden wedding. Happy in his home life, successful in his life work, he went to his rest, November 18th, full of years and honors.

H. K. Carroll.

HAWAIIAN SCENES AND PEOPLE.



L. A. THURSTON,
Hawaiian Minister to the United States.



SANDFORD B. DOLE,
President of the Provisional Government.

Accounts of the situation in Hawaii still continue to occupy much space in the newspapers, and the story of the Queen's overthrow has been told again by both sides. The report of ex-Commissioner Blount, who was sent to Hawaii by President Cleveland, having been made public, the representative of the provisional government, L. A. Thurston, in turn made a statement, replying and taking exception to Mr. Blount's account of the affair. Meanwhile it is not known whether President Dole, of the provisional government, still guides the Hawaiian ship of state, as he continued to do at the latest advices, or if Queen Liliuokalani has been restored to her throne. At this time, therefore, it is interesting to note what little is known of the people and their customs. Those who have met the Queen bear witness to her pleasing personality and address. Her education is superior to that of the average American woman, and she devotes considerable of her spare time to the composition of music and verse. Several hymns composed by her are much used in the churches of Hawaii, and they are said to be of real merit and beauty. The view of the city of Honolulu on page 1145 is after a photograph taken from the crater, called the "Punch-Bowl," of an extinct volcano which rises just outside the town. The Government Building and the Palace, now known as the Court-house and the Executive Building respectively, are to be seen near the centre of the picture, while beyond is the harbor, formed by a coral reef through which a channel has been cut. The natives of the islands have an extreme fondness for bright flowers, which they weave into garlands, and wear upon their hats or around their necks. These wreaths are called *leis* (pronounced as though spelled lays), and in order to decorate themselves or to grace a departing guest the average Hawaiian will spend his last bit of money and be content to forego his meal.

It is a common thing to meet flower-girls at all points engaged in the manufacture and sale of these *leis*. Flowers of white and yellow, resembling our tuberose, are chiefly used, and after being cut from the stem are strung, one by one, upon a thread, until the garland is of sufficient length. The growing industries about Honolulu include the culture of pineapples and the breeding of ostriches. The latter are raised for their feathers, which are plucked every six months from the sides and the wings of the bird. The pineapples raised here are very fine, climate and soil being particularly favorable, and two crops a year are secured, which are marketed in San Francisco and Vancouver.

Belonging to the Hawaiian group, about four hundred miles southwest of Honolulu, are several small islands known as the Laysan. Millions of sea-birds make their homes there, and large quantities of guano are collected from the islands, which are bare of all vegetation. The laborers engaged in the gathering of guano subsist largely upon the eggs of the birds, which are found at all points about the sand where the nests are made.

THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE "COLUMBIA."

BY ALBERT FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

All Americans had occasion to be proud when the unarmored cruiser *Columbia*, of the new navy, on her trial trip on November 18th, off the New England coast, made a record of 22.81 knots an hour in continuous steaming for practically five hours, and a spurt of 25.31 knots for a distance of nearly 8 knots of the journey. It was a performance calculated to test to the fullest capacity the alleged screaming abilities of that mysterious bird known as the American eagle. This bird of recent years has had to confine its vocalism chiefly to Fourth-of-July celebrations, and even then there has been a growing disposition toward suppressing its harsh noises because of their annoyance to every one except the irrepressible small boy. The eagle has had opportunity more than once to scream over many exploits in our naval history, but it seems to me that its strident screech was never more justified than in this splendid achievement by the *Columbia*.

Interesting as the test was, its importance was far greater. This trial was an international event. In every capital of Europe its result was anxiously looked for. It was expected that this country would produce the fastest war-ship in the world in the *Columbia*. That was a foregone conclusion in view of our rapid progress in naval matters, but the question that interested Europeans in naval offices and ship-building centres was whether the system of propelling large ships by three screws would be a success beyond serious doubt. Besides the *Columbia* there are only two triple-screw vessels of any size in the world, the French cruiser *Dupuy de Lôme* and the German cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta*, which was here at the Columbian naval review. The French cruiser has not done satisfactory work as yet, but the German cruiser is said to have made a record of 22 knots on a trial trip after leaving our shores.

The cruiser *Columbia* marks a distinct advance in ship-building. Not only did she prove herself the fastest war-ship in the world, not only did she demonstrate beyond cavil the success of the system of triple-screw propulsion, but, to the surprise of every one, naval officers and shipping, here and abroad, she proved herself the fastest ocean-going craft yet constructed. When the *Columbia* was designed, the *Paris* and *Teutonic* were the fastest ships on the seas. The *Columbia*, as a commerce-destroyer and not as a fighting ship, was intended to catch these ships, although only two-thirds as large as they. It takes a long while to get a war-ship in this country through its preparatory stages, and the result was that long before the *Columbia* was finished those splendid sea-queens the *Campania* and *Lucania*, with their world-beating records, came into existence. Naval men and others said, "The *Columbia*, of course, won't beat them, but she will show the success or failure of the three-screw system, and that is why her work will be watched the world over." And so it was, and perhaps the most cheering thing in the result is that it also declares that, in quality at least, the United States resumes its place at the head of the world in ship-construction.

A trial trip such as the *Columbia's* is a most inspiriting event. It is a time of prodigious activity; and this is not confined to the swift displacement of thousands of tons of water by a most slenderly designed steamship hull. There is more activity inside the ship than outside. In each of the three roomy engine-rooms there are pistons, cranks, eccentrics, pumps, rods, and bars in a most confusing but nevertheless rhythmic motion. A blue haze fills each room, and eight or ten men seem to move about in the tangle of machinery recklessly, but as safely as they would in their own houses. The flying steam jets, the dripping of the oil, the spluttering of the hot water, the turning of the shafts at the enormous rate of 135 times a minute, make the landsman spectator's head whirl, and he wants to go on deck to get fresh air. In the fire-rooms are nearly 100 men, shut in so tight that the only fresh air that reaches them and the boilers comes through the big funnels on deck, down which it is drawn by whirling fans—or "blowers," as they are called—at the rate of more than 1,000,000 cubic feet a minute. Each one of the boilers has eight fires, four in each end. The forced draught sweeps the coal off the shovels as the furnace doors are thrown open, the black coal-dust whirls like a desert sand-storm, and when the stokers and firemen come out of their prison they are blacker than central African savages, and almost as degenerate-looking.

Outside of the ship there are, of course, the slicing bow waves, the curved depression following them, the white-flecked water rushing back to the screws, the long black streak of smoke reaching away for miles, and bunching itself in a heavy cloud in the horizon, the glistening wake of the ship that trails behind far beyond the range of vision. But the most picturesque sight was a remarkable foaming ridge of water that rose directly behind the vessel over the screw at the stern. A naval officer in looking at this said that the action of screws on steamships was, like woman's moods, past finding out. It was thought the screws at the sides of the ship would hurl the water away from the one at the stern, leaving for that one water practically unchurned. The twin screws seemed to do nothing of the kind. They hurled it at their lone companion faster than it could take care of the mass. Consequently a pure white ridge, estimated at ten feet high, five feet broad, and thirty feet long, rose out of the sea, and followed the ship as if it were part of it. It was full of rainbows, whirling eddies, and currents, and it hung to the vessel as if it were some phantom catching a tow, unwilling to let go, and impossible to shake off. The sea-going men said they never saw a phenomenon like it.

Although one may attempt to describe the activity inside and out of the vessel, it is almost impossible to describe the effect on one who shared in the struggle personally. How is the intense excitement that set every one on board all a-quiver, especially as the ship came jumping down the homestretch after a contest such as the world never saw, to be depicted? How can one adequately put on paper that eagle's scream, so that it shall set the flesh of the reader creeping as it did those of the actual spectators? How shall one describe the throbs of the engine, the swish of the screws, the jaunty swaying of the craft, the play of the shadows and lights on the water, the furious dash of the spray, the half-gale force of the wind, the arching rainbows made by the sun in the falling splashes? All this is something for the reader's imagination to paint for itself.

It was of the *Columbia* that Professor Hollis of Harvard, but formerly of the navy, said:

> "The tip of the propeller blades will move through the water at the moderate rate of 75 miles an hour. The condenser tubes, if placed end to end, would form a tube 33 miles long. The cooling water passed through them will be equal to 36,000,000 gallons per day—enough to supply a large city with water. The main boilers, if placed end to end, would form a tunnel 156 feet long, and large enough for a train of cars to pass through. The blowers are capable of supplying 84,000,000 cubic feet of air an hour. The coal required for a full-power run across the Atlantic would supply 150 families for a year. With 20,000 horse-power she would lift herself—7500 tons' weight—to the Brooklyn Bridge in three minutes if hoisting-ropes were coiled around drums on the shafts. If the engines were set up on shore and used as a catapult, they would throw a 300-pound weight with such velocity that it would go off into space entirely clear of the earth's influence."

It will be of interest to compare the speed of the *Columbia* with that of the best-known ocean fliers. The *Columbia's* maximum speed on her trial trip was 25.31 knots. That of the *Campania* and the *Lucania* was about 23½ knots. The sustained sea speed of the *Columbia* was 22.81 knots. The best sustained sea speed of the *Lucania* is 22.74 knots; the *Campania*, 22.38; the *Paris*, 21.34; the *Teutonic*, 20.34; the *Majestic*, 20.10. Clearly the *Columbia* is far in the lead. In favorable weather she should cross the Atlantic in less than five days and a half. The *Lucania's* best transatlantic record is 5 days, 12 hours, and 7 seconds.

EX-SECRETARY RUSK.

More than a genializing personal influence, a mollifying quality in the acerbities of national politics will be missed in the passing of Brigadier-General Jeremiah McLain Rusk (U. S. V.), ex-Secretary of Agriculture, and ex-Governor of Wisconsin, who died on November 21st at his home in Viroqua. He was almost the last, it is to be feared, of a great type of man (of whom Lincoln was the highest example), the statesman of the plain people, whom men liked to call "Jerry," and to quote his homely sayings and vigorous expletives, but who had not in his stalwart entity a trace of the demagogue.

Because General Rusk had been a farmer and a stage-line owner and a hotel-keeper and the member from Bad Axe, he did not, when he became a great man, think it necessary to govern his State or administer his Federal department solely in the interests of the farmers, the stage-lines, the hotel-keepers, and the denizens of Bad Axe, but of the whole people, even including the "corporations" and the "millionaires." That is the great and lamentable difference between him and his Western successors, who have aped his rough-and-ready manners without possessing his sound head and big heart.

It will surprise most people to know that "Uncle Jerry's" first public service was an æsthetic one. When he came from Ohio, where he was born in Morgan County, June 17, 1830, he settled in Bad Axe County, Wisconsin, and in due time was sent to the Legislature. His first bill was to change the name of his bailiwick from Bad Axe to Vernon, a process by which it gained euphony at the expense of character. The farm on which he settled at twenty-three was still his home when he died forty years afterward. It was his home when he was made sheriff of the county whose name he changed, and when at the double outbreak of Indian hostilities in Minnesota and civil war at the South he entered the military service of his country as Major of the Twenty-fifth Wisconsin. He made a soldier such as Frederick the Great would have risked a war with any European power to kidnap into his service. He was six feet three, with shoulders like a wrestler's, and the great beard with which the artists of words and canvas and marble of all ages have invested the typical strong man. He was a modest giant too. He had raised the Twenty-fifth himself, but he took subordinate rank in it until he should learn the art of war. He had a good school under Sherman, and in the fighting that followed the March to the Sea got his brigadier's star for having ridden "farther into hell than Mower could." That was the way that Major-General Mower, his division commander, phrased it after seeing Rusk sweep a swamp and ford a stream to carry the Confederate bank of the Salkehatchie River.

The war made Rusk a big enough man to be elected State Comptroller upon his return from the field. Then he went to Congress, but by 1880 was only prominent enough to be offered one of the smallest of South American missions. "Where in h—— is Uruguay?" Uncle Jerry is reported to have said. "I think I'll go home and run for Governor."

This he did, and with such repeated success that the black May day of 1883, when anarchy sought to bring about its social revolution by playing on the eight-hour sentiment of the working-men, found him the right man in the right place. There was no pottering for Wisconsin's Governor when the rising came in Milwaukee. There was no trifling administration of police clubs or small-calibre pistol pellets. Like Dr. Bonaparte to the sections, Dr. Rusk prescribed a whiff of grape-shot, or rather rifle balls. Six Polish reds bit the dust, and Milwaukee had no monuments to build for its dead defenders. The man who had been offered the Uruguay mission became at once a potential giver of missions, and went into the Republican convention of 1888 with the vote of his State delegation behind him. His appointment to the new cabinet position of Secretary of Agriculture followed.

For four years "Uncle Jerry's" contagious smile illuminated all great public functions. There was such an oil of gladness in it that every war-ship that the Harrison administration launched seemed to slide easier from the ways when Uncle Jerry's glance broke with the ribboned champagne bottle upon her prow.

Had the Republican nomination in 1892 "gone East," Mr. Blaine's supporters would probably have made a strong effort to induce Secretary Rusk to take the second place on the ticket. A. E. Watrous.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY WILLIAM HAYES WARD, D.D., LL.D.

The oddest, sincerest, intensest religious enterprise of the present day is the Salvation Army. The key to it is its purpose—just to save men; nothing else. It does not want to do anything more and attempts nothing else—no schools, no education, no religious training, nothing but to get men into the kingdom of God. It will get them in any way it can. It has no dignity to save, no conventionalities to consider. Why care for a sneer when there is a soul to save?

It is an army in name, and in reality a church; but a very strange kind of a church. It is a cross between Methodism and Quakerism. Like old Methodism, it is religion on fire, or charged with electricity; and like Quakerism, it has no sacraments. It knows and cares nothing about baptism and the Lord's Supper; and yet it has its confession of the faith, in joining the Army, which does the office of baptism in the early Church; and every meeting is scarcely less than a communion with Christ and one another. The Salvation Army hand-book, *Doctrines and Disciplines*, in answer to the question, "Does the Army consider baptism a duty that must be performed?" says: "Decidedly NOT! The Army only considers one baptism essential for salvation, and that is THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST." It reckons baptism with the Jewish rites of circumcision, shaving the head, and other ceremonies never intended to be permanent. All it wants is to save men, and it holds that baptizing them is not saving them. Just so the Lord's Supper is recommended to those who feel that it would help their faith, but it is not essential to membership in the Army or to salvation.

So the Salvation Army knows no formal church. Its members may or may not be members of the churches; but its theory is that the Army takes the place of the Church. Where the rest of us say Church it says Army. It asks no converts to join the Church, only to join the Army. Joining the Army does not save any one; he must be saved first, and then he is asked to join the Army and engage in the work of saving other people. Salvation is its only purpose, and an army its form of organization, because that is the most effective to save people.

If its purpose is simple, and refuses to be complicated with anything else, however important, its discipline has all the simplicity of absolute monarchy, than which no government can be simpler. There is no popular government about an army. The commander-in-chief is supreme. He appoints the generals of divisions. Every major, captain, or lieutenant is commissioned by the commander-in-chief, on the recommendation of superior officers. Only the sergeants are directly appointed by the captains. Nothing could be more autocratic, and that because this is not a republic or a constitutional monarchy, but an army under strict military government and discipline. The government is in theory as arbitrary as that of the Jesuits, and its growth and success prove its effectiveness.

In theology—and it has more theology than we could expect—the Army is Methodist, like its founder, General Booth. But it is much more concerned with getting men out of hell into heaven than with what they shall believe. It looks forward to the triumphal death of the Salvation soldier, when, says *The Doctrines and Discipline*, "his glorified spirit enters heaven the moment it leaves the earth, and is welcomed by God and the angels and the blood-washed soldiers with whom he fought below. In heaven he is doubtless employed in some service for the King, for which his military training on earth has specially qualified him."

The Salvation Army has the merit of tremendous earnestness. It goes for people, especially those that are very much lost. The submerged tenth are not too low for its soldiers. It hunts them with shouting, singing, and beating of drums and cymbals. Its first rule for its meetings is that "they must be lively." The mob will pardon anything rather than dulness. The tunes must be plaintive or merry; the speeches short, sharp, "full of facts and illustrations, and with plenty of attitude," and all sorts of novelty. They are not ashamed to do most undignified things—to march the streets between two sign-boards—if they can attract the attention and get the following of a poor drunkard.

This is not æsthetic; it is offensive to good taste; but it is sublime. What care slums for good taste, for Barnby music, for pews, and choirs, and stoles, and stained glass, and dim religious light? The simplicity of purpose of the Army and its self-extinction for salvation of the lost are magnificent, sublime. If our Blessed Lord is highly exalted because he humbled himself so far, then most highly exalted in his sight are these Salvation soldiers, who humble themselves; who go lower down into the depths to save the lowest than does any other organized body of Christian people on the face of the earth. They are not to be laughed at, but to be emulated.

Earnestness is half of genius; and the Salvation Army has produced some of the most exquisite and eloquent speakers that occupy the religious platform. Chief among them in this country is Mrs. Ballington Booth, a woman with the face of a Madonna, the soul of a saint, and the tongue—I had almost said, of an angel. Nor is she alone. They speak only on one subject—the Army. They refuse to know anything else. They know the lost, and the Christ that saves them, and the Army which enlists them to go out and gather new recruits.

They are men and women of one idea, but that the infinite idea of the loving Father sending them to save the lost. It is tenderness in arms, the battle of peace, the whole Army an ambulance corps, going out on the field of death to gather the wounded and the dying into the hospital of the divine compassion. If any shall hear at the Last Day the benediction on those who "have done it unto the least of these my brethren," it will be these red-coated and poke-bonneted knights of the Salvation drum and tambourine.

THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANTES.

The death of William T. Coleman, which occurred in San Francisco, November 22d, will recall to the minds of men one of the most remarkable phases of American civilization, and certain events that have left an indelible impress upon the social and political conditions of every one of the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains. Partly by accident and partly on account of peculiarities of temperament, Mr. Coleman was closely identified with the San Francisco Vigilance Committees of 1851, 1856, and 1877. He was actively engaged in the formation of the first, and he was the chosen leader of the last two.

To understand something of the spirit of the people who began and carried forward these unique movements, we must look back of them to the social conditions of the unorganized territory of California, when its peaceful conquest by gold-diggers and squatters began. Gold was discovered in January, 1848; the State was not admitted to the federation of the Union until two years later. Meanwhile the country was governed by popular tribunals. The rule of the military governors was not felt beyond the boundaries of the few large towns. In the mining camps, where the bulk of the population was scattered, there was no law other than that of the communities, whose individual members made their own rules and regulations, elected their own officers, and, in case of need, organized their own courts and judicial machinery. There has never been any complaint of the injustice or the oppressiveness of any one of these popular tribunals. Years of experience in the mining camps with this concrete form of popular sovereignty attested the enduring quality and practical value of the naked principle which lies at the base of our democratic form of government.

It was this principle that asserted itself in 1851, when long-continued lawlessness, unchecked by the usual processes of criminal law, made life and property in San Francisco insecure. Criminals of every grade, from the penal colonies of New South Wales and Australia, the Sandwich Islands, and other Pacific ports, had flocked to San Francisco, allured by the prospect of plunder and robbery in a community then living in a state of almost Arcadian simplicity and security. In a twelvemonth, murder, arson, burglary, and other crimes against person and property were exceedingly common. The police were inefficient, and, like the courts, were suspected of collusion with the law-breakers. The jails were insecure, juries were bribed, and the whole course of justice clogged.

Finally, one Burdue, caught red-handed in a murderous assault on a Mr. Jansen, a reputable merchant, was taken to prison and put under lock and key. The people, as if convinced that this wretch would escape, as others like him had escaped before him, silently and sullenly surrounded the jail, determined to keep watch over the subsequent proceedings.

William T. Coleman, drawn thither by mild curiosity, saw that the common thought and object of the assemblage was the speedy punishment of the criminal. As the temper of the crowds waxed more intense, he broke silence and besought them not to proceed to violence, but to organize a court and try the man then and there. If Burdue was innocent, then he should go free; if he were guilty, he should be hanged before the sun went down. This was agreed to, and although, by a strange miscarriage of justice, the would-be murderer escaped, the Vigilance Committee of 1851 was born. Later in that summer, May and June, 1851, two great and destructive fires, undoubtedly set by pillagers, swept the city with the besom of ruin. Millions of dollars' worth of property and one hundred lives were lost in these fires. The incendiaries were indicted. Under hair-splitting technicalities they evaded punishment.

This was the occasion of the formal organization of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, which had previously had an inchoate existence, with William T. Coleman as one of its active members. The names of some two hundred substantial business men were enrolled on its books of membership, and these citizens pledged themselves "to watch, pursue, and bring to justice the outlaws infesting the city, through the regularly constituted courts if possible, through more summary process if necessary." The first offender caught was one Jenkins, taken in the act of carrying off a safe from a store. He was tried, condemned, and hanged within an hour. Other arrests followed, and during the thirty days of active operations of the Vigilance Committee four men were hanged, and about thirty were deported beyond the seas by outgoing vessels, under the threat of death if they returned. In every case the proceedings of the Vigilantes were characterized by decorum; and every accused man was granted a fair trial by jury, competent counsel being assigned him.

Early in 1856, the salutary terrors of the uprising of 1851 having become dissipated perhaps, another class of crimes worried the city. Ballot-box-stuffing and political corruption of the most audacious character thwarted the people's will; a selfish tyranny reigned instead of law, and defied all attempts at dislodgement. The courts were impotent, and notorious scamps bore rule in the city and county. One of these, James Casey, who had elected himself County Supervisor without even going through the form of candidacy, publicly shot and killed James King, a newspaper editor, who had published the black record of Casey, ex-convict and thief that he was. Casey was hurried off to prison, where was then confined one Cora, an Italian gambler, who had in like manner killed on the streets United States Marshal Richardson. The signal of the Vigilance Committee of 1851 rung out from the engine-bell on the Plaza; and the great organization again sprung into life.

It is not necessary here to recount the doings of that famous tribunal. The regular government was paralyzed; and the Vigilance Committee, organizing themselves into a bureau of justice and police, an executive council and a military contingent, established themselves in a fortress of gunny bags filled with sand (hence "Fort Gunny Bags"), with substantial barracks and a prison, and meted out even-handed justice to all offenders against the criminal law. William T. Coleman was the president of the junta; and the membership of the committee numbered eight thousand. Cora and Casey were tried, condemned, and hanged, having been taken from the jail by the Vigilantes. After an active existence of three months, during which four men were hanged for murder and thirty were exiled from California, the organization dissolved, and was heard of no more. Its work was thorough, and the necessity for its revival was not apparent until 1877, when the incendiary harangues of Denis Kearney, the "orator of the sand-lots," fired the discontented idlers of the city to threats of violence. Again Coleman was called to the head of a new safety committee, and assisted by the militia of the State, a great calamity of incendiarism and pillage was averted.

During the commotion of 1856 the State government was powerless, being destitute of arms. Application to General Wool, commanding the military forces of the United States, and to Captain D. G. Farragut, commanding the naval establishment, was unavailing, those officers having no authority to interfere in the conflict between the regular and the irregular governments. General W. T. Sherman, commanding a division of the State militia, vehemently opposed the Vigilance Committee, but was obliged to resign his command on account of the difficulty of keeping his men together and gathering arms and ammunition. The episode, brief as it was, was invested with momentous importance as an illustration of the American capacity for self-government under the most trying circumstances. Noah Brooks.

IN EARLY WINTER.

The minstrels of the year have gone away,
  The woods re-echo not with joyous song.
But where the leafless vines hang, bare and gray,
  The rising tempest as it sweeps along
Evokes a minor strain, as breezes blow
  Across the strings of some discarded lute,
And wake again the dreams of long ago,
  Which are but ghosts—the singer being mute.

Flavel Scott Mines.

A FOOTBALL SCIENTIST.

Some three years ago Mr. Lorin F. Deland saw a game of football by accident, and, like many another man, was immensely taken with it. Then he went to another match and watched it closely, and then another, till he finally began to appreciate the skill required in executing the different plays, and to realize how plentifully a man would be rewarded if he would put his mind upon the theoretical possibilities of the game, and study them out into practical results.

He spent a year at odd times in the intervals of his active business studying the principles of the sport in the abstract, drawing out his conceptions of many a new play on paper, and gradually the idea grew upon him that the evolutions carried out during a football match by the two elevens were relatively the same as those executed by two armies during a battle. Then he began to re-read his well-worn books on Napoleon's military tactics and the histories of Napoleon's campaigns.

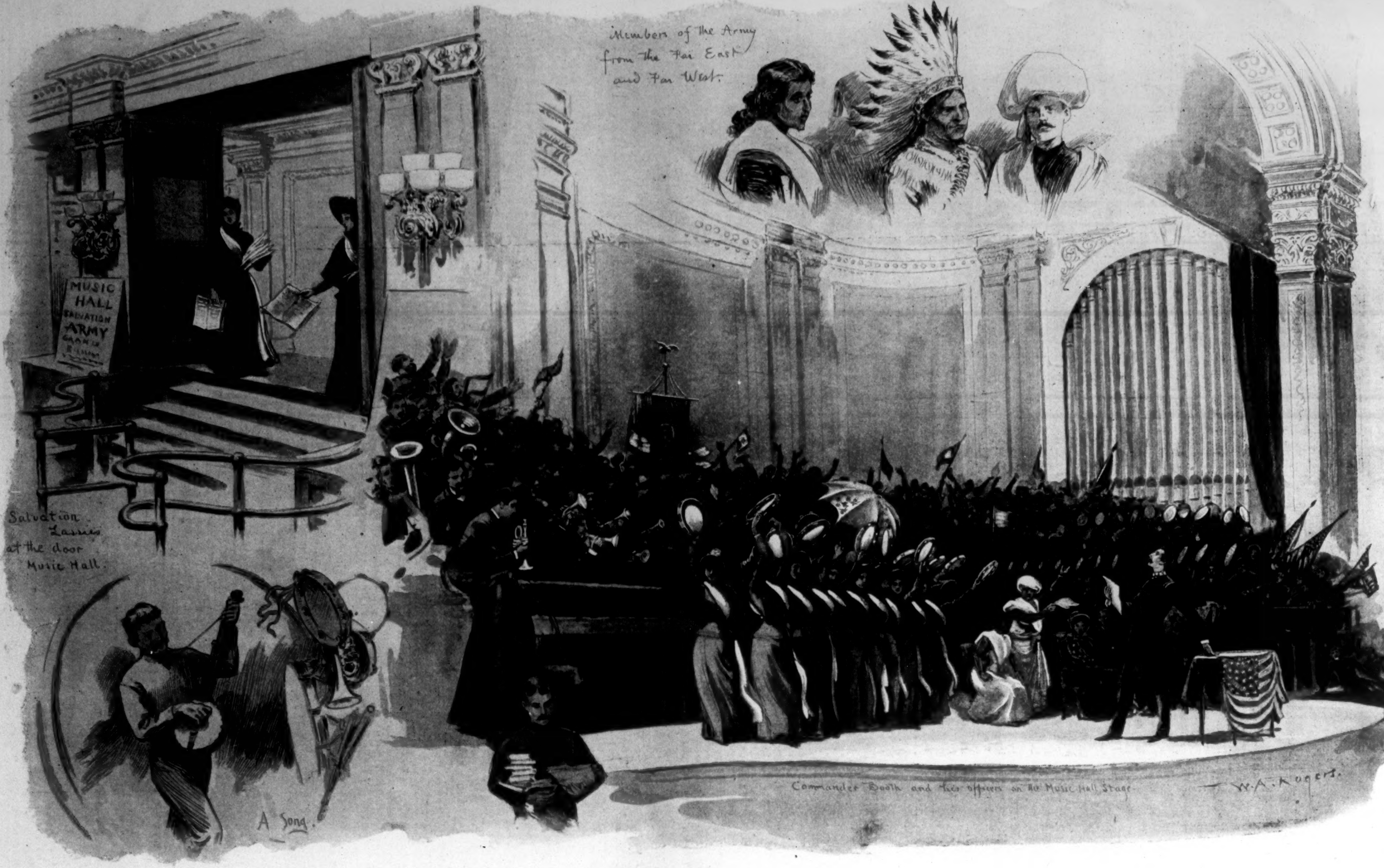
One of the chief points brought out by the great French general was that if he could mass a large proportion of his troops and throw them against a weak point of the enemy, he could easily defeat that portion, and gaining their rear, create havoc with the rest. Following out this idea, Mr. Deland argued to himself that if he could get a football team so arranged that the eleven men should throw their entire weight, strength, and momentum against a weak point of the opposing team, which must be necessarily stationary, detached, and incapable of using its full weight in opposition, they would break through and make ground very fast.

Mr. Deland then proceeded to put this into practice, first on paper and then on the field, with the result that by taking advantage of a rule in football which obliges the opposing team to keep "on side" until the ball is put into play, he could get his eleven running at full speed in a well-organized and compact body before the other team could move. It only remained to turn this powerful moving body against the "ends" and "tackles" to complete the military evolutions; and out of this came the "flying wedge" of last year's Harvard eleven, which has been taken up in a dozen different forms all over the country this year.

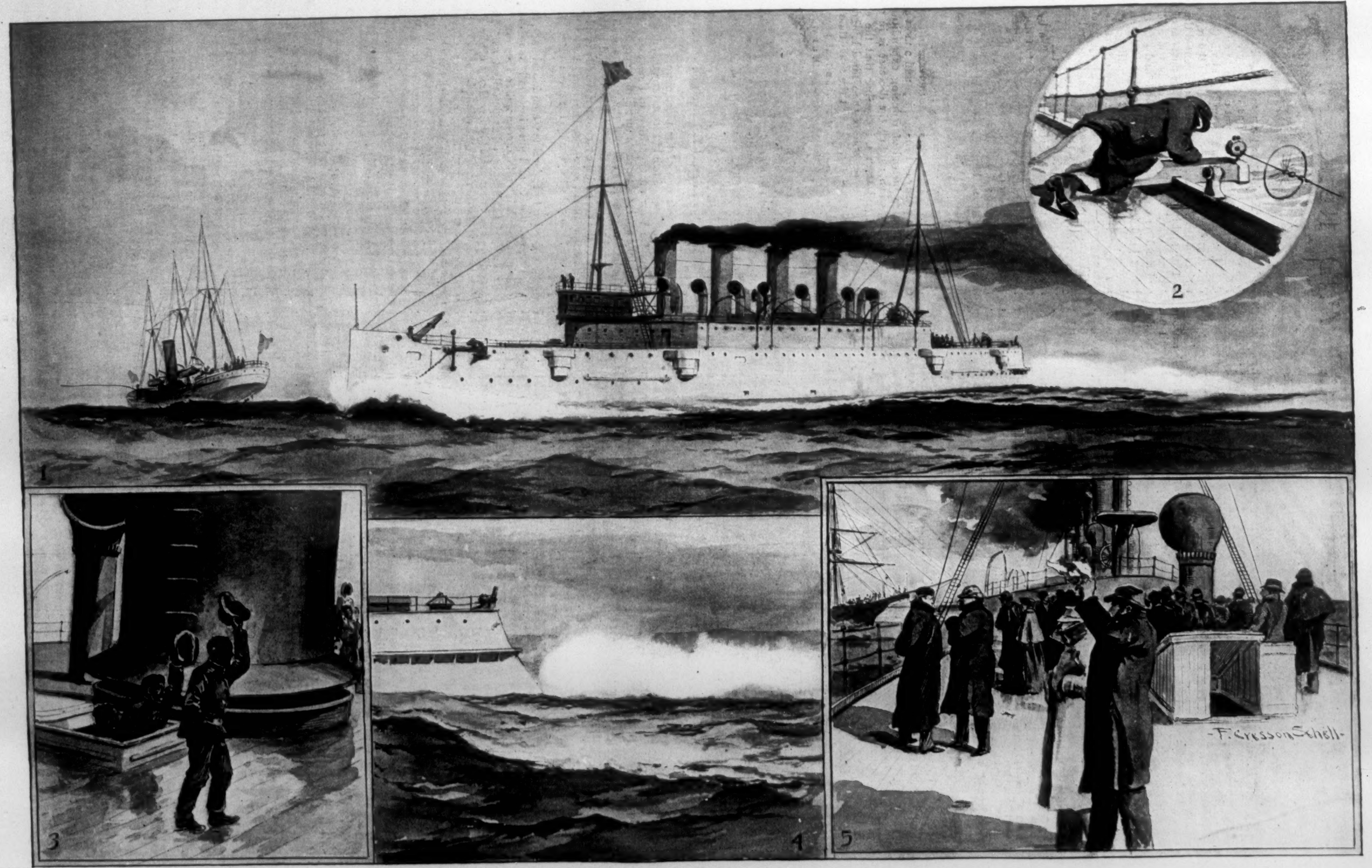
It was a rather remarkable case where a man who had never played the game, who scarcely knew the rules, was yet able to touch a vital spot in the game itself, and accomplish something that old players had never taken into account. In doing this Mr. Deland has opened a new field in the science of football; for this new system of "line up" has been, or rather is likely to be, only the beginning of more radical systems of play, involving many different formations on the part of one team, together with uncertainty on the part of the other as to what is to take place.

Mr. Deland is a resident of Boston, occupied with his business of serving as expert counsellor to business men in many different occupations, and he is only following out this chosen profession of his in giving his "expert" counsel in connection with football. It is entirely a case of enthusiasm with him—a love for the game itself, and an interest to discover what he can do with the sport as it is presented to him. And there can be little doubt that he has not only done a great deal with football, but that he has already made himself famous in this novel amusement.

Joseph Hamblen Sears.


Members of the Army from the Far East and Far West.
MUSIC HALL
SALVATION ARMY
Salvation Lassies at the door Music Hall.
A Song.
Commander Booth and his officers on the Music Hall Stage.
W. A. Rogers.

THE SALVATION ARMY—COLUMBIAN CONGRESS AT CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 1147.]



TRIAL TRIP OF THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "COLUMBIA."—DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 1146.]

1. *Columbia* finishing—passing *Dolphin*. 2. Reading patent Log. 3. Firemen coming on Deck after Termination of Trial. 4. Wonderful "Wake" of the *Columbia*. 5. Reporters, Guests, and Naval Officers on Main Deck, Aft, during the Race.

TAXATION—ITS INCIDENCE AND REFORM.

BY SIDNEY WEBSTER.

IT is to be hoped that taxation reform will presently include a reduction of expenditure, as well as a redistribution of the burden—a correction of abuses in the quantity of public money appropriated, as well as in the incidence and effect of the taxes to obtain it.

Were it possible to imagine the United States either inviting, or tolerating, as Egypt has been compelled to tolerate, the remodelling of their taxes and finances by a commission of foreigners, the first question asked of us by such a commission would naturally be this:

"What sum of money must be annually raised by taxation in order to properly and economically carry on your government?"

The next inquiry should relate to the restraints, if any, put by our organic law on the taxing power of Congress. Excluding exports and the restriction relating to "direct taxes," the power of Congress over taxation is unlimited. It can exercise its will at our frontiers on arriving merchandise. Its tax-gatherers can go everywhere inside the States. We live under two, three, four governments at once—national, State, county, city—each and all with power to tax.

What expenditures and taxes by the government at Washington have recently been we all know, or can easily ascertain. For the fiscal year 1892 the revenue was $425,868,260, and the expenditure was $415,953,806. That vast income partly came in this wise:

Customs duties (external)	$177,452,964
Excises (internal)	153,971,072
	$331,424,036
National bank tax	1,261,338
	$332,685,374

It was tax, pure and simple!

The remaining income came of various items, such as profit on coinage, sales of public land and Brooklyn Navy-yard land ($1,441,673 56), consular fees, District of Columbia bonds, and Smithsonian fund. The postal service ($70,930,475) supports itself, but the item figures as income and outgo.

The expenditures for 1892 were:

Pensions	$134,583,052
Civil establishment, including diplomatic establishment, public buildings, refund of direct taxes, and French spoliation claims	99,841,988
Post-office	70,930,475
Military establishment, including rivers and harbors, forts, arsenals, and sea-coast defences	46,895,456
Navy, including the new vessels	29,174,138
Indians	11,150,577
Interest on debt	23,378,116
	$415,953,802

Those items are huge, and that aggregate is vast, but the total is not half that which office-holders throughout the whole country annually disburse!

The eleventh census of the United States exhibits the total sum of tax levies for 1890 by all the States, counties, and minor divisions of States as having been $467,921,992, or nearly fifty millions more than all the receipts of the Federal Treasury for 1892. Of that vast sum, $69,055,706 were levied by the States, and $398,866,706 by minor divisions of the States, and of the whole sum of those taxes not levied by the government at Washington, $125,116,746 were for schools.

But the tax levies thus far exhibited by the census do not display the total sum of *expenditures* by the several States, Territories, and their minor divisions. Large sums expended have been obtained by borrowing. Bonds of New England counties and towns are abundant. The Illinois Central Railway furnishes the money that defrays a great part of the expenditures by the State of Illinois. The money paid in cities as street assessments is not exhibited in tax levies. A tabulation of all the items and sum total of annual payments for State and local purposes has not yet been completed by the census officers, but many persons estimate the total sum at wellnigh three-quarters of a billion of dollars.

It may be that the Federal budget for pensions, the civil establishment, diplomatic and consular service, the army, public buildings, river and harbor improvements, and a new navy should not and cannot be now reduced. That is for the Democratic executive and legislative branches of the government of to-day to decide.

The Democratic party proclaimed by its platform of resolutions which accompanied Cleveland's nomination at Chicago that if intrusted with full legislative power at Washington it would reform abuses in expenditure, and levy tariff duties only for fiscal purposes, and not for socialistic purposes. The following language cannot fairly bear any other interpretation:

> "We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue only, and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of the government when honestly and *economically* administered. We denounce the McKinley tariff law enacted by the Fifty-first Congress as the culminating atrocity of class legislation."

That was a pledge of economy, that fiscal reasons shall predominate, and that customs taxes shall not be levied either to bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth, or to readjust the relations of the classes and the masses, debtors and creditors, the rich and the poor, or to promote socialism or communism, or any theories of social prosperity apart from purely fiscal theories.

The sum of customs taxes for the fiscal year 1892 was $173,097,072. In 1893 the sum was $204,142,594. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, the sum may, owing to special domestic disturbances, not exceed $165,000,000, but taking the two first-named years under the McKinley law the average annual sum was $188,619,833. In 1891 the customs revenue was over 219½ millions. If the present Congress shall decide that sum not excessive for tariff taxes, then it will be in order for Congress and the Executive to consider the inequality and economic injustice of the McKinley schedules, and their undue pressure on ability of wage-earners in comparison with employers, if such inequality and injustice there be.

The first falling of taxes and their final resting—the intermediate moving, transferring, shifting, and repercussing—present a problem yet unexplored and unsolved.

The framers of the McKinley law did not, it is to be assumed, intend that importers making entries at the custom-houses were finally to bear the burden of taxes thereby imposed, unless when the importers happen to be consumers of the import. Who, then, was to be the victim? Was it to be the consumer of the articles imported, or was it to be the exporting producer? The last word thereon had not been uttered when the party canvass closed in November last, and yet a true answer is at the basis of economic justice in customs taxation. There was much declamation against the McKinley law because, in the last analysis of the incidence of its schedules on clothing, food, and shelter, a wage-earner with a large family paid, it was affirmed, more than his proper share.

There are indications here and there of plans on foot to diminish the present relatively small sum of tariff taxes, and to supply from other sources the deficit in the budget. Mr. Wells has proposed a doubling of excises on spirits, beer, and tobacco (mindful, it is to be hoped, of English experience with tobacco in 1878), so as to raise annually 219 millions on distilled liquors, fermented liquors, and tobacco, instead of 154 millions as in 1892. It will be an interesting *chassez-croisez* in the dance of political parties if the Democrats, having complete power at Washington, shall thus increase the Federal excise taxes, of which Jefferson wrote to Madison on December 24, 1798: "The excise law is an infernal one. The first error was to admit it by the Constitution; the second, to act on the admission."

Internal revenue taxes were chiefest among the causes which overthrew the Federal party in the beginning of the present century. Even Hamilton declared that he and his associates would not have resorted to excises had it not been for the presence of threatened or actual foreign war. The Democratic party of that day redeemed its pledges by exterminating in 1802 all internal and direct taxes. They were not reimposed until the war of 1812 came. Federal internal taxes were, in the Democratic vocabulary, war taxes. In that sense war taxes can be tolerated now in order to pay pensions; but, after all, Democratic traditions and prejudices of nearly a century ago may not afford a very sound economic basis for Federal taxation in 1894.

There are also indications here and there of a purpose to revive a Federal tax on incomes. A Congressman from Tennessee has presented in the House a progressive income tax, culminating in forty per cent. on all annual incomes over one hundred thousand dollars.

Colossal individual incomes, represented to be one million a year, and even five times as large, are, as is most natural, attracting attention as admirably adapted to redress the assumed unequal pressure of indirect taxation, but such severity of taxing as forty per cent. of one's income indicates that the government at Washington is, in the purpose of the proposer, to be made a partner in one's successful business.

What may be the prevailing motive for such an income tax has not been disclosed. It may be in the interest of freer and fuller foreign trade, or to redeem a party pledge that the sum of customs duties shall be lessened. An income tax was revived by Peel a half-century ago in England as the only way to rehabilitate English finances, put a stop to an annual deficit, reduce debt, create a surplus, abolish export duties, and set free from customs taxes the raw materials of British industry. Pitt had invented the tax in 1797, and imposed it in 1798, for the purpose of the "Great War," but Parliament abolished it in 1816, and the House ordered all the books and papers relating to it to be destroyed, so odious had the tax become. But in England in 1842 expenditures could not be reduced. The limit of taxation on articles of consumption—indirect taxation—had been reached, and Peel had no other resources. That is surely not now the condition of the United States. The experience of England has shown the income tax to be an all-absorbing tax, promotive of extravagance by office-holders, and one that the government of the day is reluctant to surrender even under popular pressure.

When by reason of the commercial inactivity, agricultural depression, conflicts in the labor market, and financial stagnation, which have prevailed during nearly three-quarters of its present fiscal year, the receipts of the British Exchequer are some seven millions of dollars less than during the same period of last year, the Chancellor finds an increase in the income tax of a penny or two on the pound a most convenient resource instead of reducing expenditures; and especially when, as now, the decrease is in customs, excises, and stamps, indicating that the consuming power of the people of the United Kingdom has met a serious check, while at the same time the sums received from the unlucky class that pays an income tax have been steadily increased, as well as receipts from the post-office and telegraph services.

Of the income tax Disraeli said, in 1873: "Instead of being an instrument for reforming our tariff, it had commenced to be an instrument to destroy it, and under the influence of the income tax other sources of revenue were constantly disappearing."

The tax was used by our Congress as a war tax from 1861 to 1871. In that last-named year the Commissioner of the Internal Revenue said officially to Congress:

"The tax was one of the most obnoxious to the people, being inquisitorial in its nature, and dragging into public view an exposition of the most private pecuniary affairs. Such an unwilling exposition can only be compulsorily effected through the maintenance of the most expensive machinery, and both the nature of the tax and the means necessarily employed for its enforcement appear to be regarded with more disfavor from year to year by the better class of citizens."

An objection to Federal taxes on inheritance, rent, salaries, net profits, and pure income is that, in the opinion of wellnigh all our economists, they are what our Federal Constitution has described as "direct taxes," and must, as probably five-sixths of the Democratic lawyers think, be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers. When a "direct tax" is to be imposed, the whole sum required by Congress must be declared in the law, then distributed among the States, each one assuming its share if it pleases so to do, and raising the quota in its own way. It is true that the Supreme Court has, in a series of cases, decided that only a capitation tax and tax on land are "direct taxes" within the meaning of the Constitution, and that all else in the way of Federal taxing is either a duty, an impost, or an excise, which cannot be apportioned, but must be uniform. A future Supreme Court may reverse those decisions, and adjudge a tax on income derived from the rent of land, or from interest on a bond and mortgage, or from net profits, a "direct tax" which must be apportioned; but the danger now is that if Congress shall apportion an income tax among the States, the present Court will declare the tax illegal. Nevertheless, if a large part of the lawyers of the land think an unapportioned income tax unconstitutional, it should not be levied. The question involved is not an economic question, but purely a legal one, inasmuch as it is this:

Precisely which taxes were intended by the phrase "direct taxes" as used in the Constitution?

Inquiry must obviously be confined to the meaning of the phrase in the colonies at or near the time when the Constitution was framed, or, if that fails, then to the meaning of the term in the statutes of that country from which our jurisprudence was chiefly derived. Each source of information is inadequate and unsatisfactory. Neither Elliot's report of the debates in the convention which framed the Constitution, nor the papers of the *Federalist*, nor the reported discussions in the several States on the adoption of the work of the convention, define or describe "direct taxes," although the last-named discussions do make clear the reason and cause of the keen State jealousy of the new Federal government in the affairs of taxation. Each State had all taxing powers, internal and external, direct and indirect, including exports and imports. Each State realized that it must surrender the power to tax exports and imports, and also give to the new government a concurrent power to levy internal taxes; but the States insisted on one condition, which was that all "direct taxes" shall be distributed among the States according to their respective numbers. The motive is apparent enough. It was to prevent combinations among any of the States to injure the others.

Gouverneur Morris, after having proposed in the convention that *all* taxation be in proportion to *representation* in Congress, modified the proposition, on the suggestion of Ellsworth that representation might be manipulated in order to escape taxes, and of Wilson that the restraint be limited to "direct taxes." Rufus King asked, when the topic was under debate, for the precise meaning of "direct taxes," and no one answered.

Light on the meaning of "direct taxes," obtained by examination of the then taxing system of the several colonies or States, is a will-o'-the-wisp, because the prevailing system was based on the fact that taxable property then consisted chiefly of land, houses, cattle, and implements of agriculture. The only exception was in Dutch New Amsterdam before 1664, when taxes were chiefly indirect, because New Amsterdam was a trading community. The general system at the close of the last century was by Secretary of the Treasury Wolcott, in his report to Congress on December 14, 1796, fairly described as then the New York system. He said: "No objects of taxation are defined in the laws, nor any principles of valuation prescribed. The amount of a tax upon the State being declared, the Legislature determines the quotas to be paid by the counties, the supervisors of counties determine the quotas of towns, which last are apportioned to individuals by assessors; no provision has been made for requiring a disclosure of the property owned by individuals. Of course all assessments by the Legislature, by supervisors, and assessors, are determined by a discretionary estimate of the collective and relative wealth of corporations and individuals." Therein is seen the element of apportionment among localities.

Alexander Hamilton was asked by Secretary Wolcott for a brief on "direct taxes." It is dated February 25, 1795. He said there was no antecedent rule or opinion or principle by which to classify "direct taxes." The classification must therefore be, he said, by "a species of arbitration," and he classified the "direct taxes" of the Constitution thus:

"1. Capitation, or poll taxes.

"2. Taxes on lands and buildings.

"3. General assessments, whether on the whole property of individuals, or on their whole real or personal estate."

The third and last item is in effect the "general property tax." As Pitt's income tax was not imposed till three years afterward, Hamilton could not have had it in mind.

The test of consumption or expense—catching the citizen when he is expending—applied by the Supreme Court in the "Carriage" case, would probably be unworkable to-day by Congress.

No more satisfactory is the modern test suggested by John Stuart Mill, and now adopted so generally by economists, namely, that "indirect taxes" are those demanded from one person in the expectation and intention that he shall indemnify himself at the expense of another, and that all other taxes are "direct." The difficulty a lawyer has with that test grows out of the possible position of the tax-payer, and of possible private bargains relating to payment of the tax. Even when a tax is so indirect as is a customs tax, the same person may be the first and the final payer of it. No "direct tax" can be levied which may not affect personally others than the payer. Congress is not likely to consent to make a tax valid or invalid according to its actual incidence in a particular case ascertained after the enactment. There must be a more tangible dividing line than that between direct and indirect taxes.

No accurate and ascertainable classification existed in England between direct and indirect taxes at the end of the last century, and the absence there and here, then and now, is due, no doubt, to the wisdom of those who felt the difficulty of explicitly distinguishing direct from indirect taxation, and prescribing a rule for the future.

A good illustration of conflicting views is to be seen in the divergence between English and American courts in respect to an income tax. In the case of *Springer* (102 United States, 586) the Supreme Court adjudged a tax on income from profits in trade, rent, farming, dividends on stock, interest on government bonds, or salaries not to be a "direct tax"; but in the *Bank of Toronto* case (12 English Law Reports, Appeal Cases 575) their Lordships said that the English income tax is "a direct tax of the most obvious kind," and that a tax on a Canadian bank varying in amount with the paid-up capital is a "direct tax."

There is the other consideration bearing upon a reimposition now, in time of profound peace, of an income tax, which is the expenditures by the several States, Territories, and minor divisions not included in taxation by the government at Washington.

The Federal government has supreme and exclusive power over taxes on imports, and can take all that revenue unto itself. No State can tax the instrumentalities of the Federal government, or its bonds or its debts held in that State, or commerce between the States. Should not the proceeds of all customs taxes levied "for revenue only" and on a fiscal basis be now ample for the Federal government, supplemented by excise taxes for pensions so long as they shall exist as a relic of civil war?

It may be that Congress can overcome and remove in a new income tax the difficulties displayed in the execution of the last one, some startling inequalities of which were reported at the time to be these:

In the fiscal year 1869 the total amount of income tax paid in the United States was $34,229,893 32, and of that sum seven States—Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and California—paid $25,895,597 87, or a little more than three-fourths. But those States embraced only forty per cent. of the population of the Union, and by the census of 1860 the value of all the real and personal property in those seven States was only $6,816,629,409, or a little more than forty per cent. of the aggregate wealth of the Union.

The income tax must have been assessed according to the conscience of the tax-payer!

The Congressional districts were, in 1869, 233 in number, and arranged so as to be as nearly as possible equal in population; yet out of the whole 233 there were six that paid $8,281,431 45, or very nearly one-fourth of the whole tax. Seventeen of them, selected from the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, and California, paid $17,066,277 01, or, as nearly as possible, one-half of the tax. Mr. Astor paid more than the whole State of Vermont; and Mr. A. T. Stewart paid more than the aggregate amount paid by Florida, Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Washington, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, and Montana.

It is possible that a conspiracy of States, by fixing an exemption from an income tax up to a sum so large as to generally preclude the tax in those conspiring States, and then by imposing a forty-per-cent. tax on all incomes above that sum, could do great injustice. In case of such a conspiracy, a command in the Constitution that when the Federal government seeks revenue by a tax on income it must first declare the sum in the law, and then distribute the sum among the States according to their numbers, would be of inestimable service.

It may not be true—it probably is not true—that a system of taxes which was the best to be had a hundred, or even twenty, years ago is the best to be had to-day. The taxation contrivances which the physiocrats of France advocated in the last century, or Adam Smith, or Alexander Hamilton, or Thomas Jefferson, or Albert Gallatin vindicated, each in his day, may not be the most equitable, efficient, and expedient for the United States in 1894. There has been evolution going on in methods of taxation, and evolution spells improvement. A century ago the almost universal conviction in our country was that the true measure of one's ability to pay taxes was the aggregate value of his realty and personalty situated within the jurisdiction of the taxing State. Property, rather than its annual product, was the object of taxation. The State regarded property as under obligation to pay taxes, rather than the owner, who is protected by the State, and who cannot exist without such protection. Hence the "general property tax," which was well enough in early days, when so large a part of all earnings came from land, and all one's wealth was visible. That system of taxing has in modern times, and especially in New York, come to be a tax chiefly on realty. After the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and when the new government had taken the whole field of taxation of imports, and none could tax exports, the several States seem to have been driven to rely more and more on the "general property tax," which Hamilton classified as a "direct tax." The complexity and multiplicity of questions raised by tax-payers, and decided by the Federal judicial tribunals, respecting the *situs* of such personalty as a debt owed by one in a foreign State to a resident of a taxing State; as certificates of shares in a foreign corporation, or bonds issued by it; as bonds of a foreign State or city; as money in a foreign place; and respecting the *situs* of all personal property intangible by the taxing State, and not protected by it—have interfered, and particularly in New York, with the execution of a "general property tax."

In the beginning the new government, having Hamilton at the head of the Treasury, relied solely for its revenues on taxes levied at the ports, or at the frontier, upon arriving merchandise. It taxed the arriving thing while in its custody, just as each of the thirteen States taxed a thing within its jurisdiction. The origin of the thing was immaterial. Not till 1791 did Congress impose an excise or an internal revenue tax, and then only on spirits, so doubtful was it whether or not the voters would endure any other form of Federal excise. Even that tax bred "The Whiskey Insurrection." Three years afterwards excises were extended to a tax on a license to sell spirits, to sell goods at auction, and to the manufacture of snuff (abolished in 1800) and the refining of sugar. Three years later there was a stamp tax on certain legal documents. Those internal taxes were on articles of consumption, and they all were swept away when Jefferson came to power in 1801.

It was not till after a period of ten years, and in face of probable war with France, that thought or effort was given to "direct taxes." Soon thereafter an *ad valorem* "direct tax" of two millions was apportioned among the States, and assessed on lands, dwelling-houses, and *slaves* as property (not a capitation tax), according to valuations.

After the war of 1812 had been ended, the laws imposing excises and "direct taxes" were all again swept away. Little sums from those sources trickled into the Treasury as far down as 1848—but only $375 came in that year. After that there was not a dollar of any other Federal taxes than custom house taxes down to 1862, when the war of secession befell. It was war, and only war, that carried the Federal government outside of custom-house taxes. Can a sound and safe inference for 1894 be drawn from that?

The last word has yet to be spoken on a variety of questions concerning taxation, its incidence, and effect. Will every sort of tax, if long enough levied with certainty and persistency, so diffuse itself as finally to press equally on all persons and property? There are those who answer "Yes." Under the actual condition of farmers in the United States, will not a tax on agricultural land remain exclusively on the land owner, and especially if he must sell his surplus crop in Europe? Is not the attempted distinction between direct and indirect taxes "*la déraison fiscale*"? On whom does the tax on New York city realty—as, for example, the Fifth Avenue Hotel—really and finally fall? Do not they pay it who there sleep and eat? In ordinary times can a special tax on loanable capital be shifted from the lender to the borrower? Where is the final incidence of a tax on profits, gross and net, as between producer and consumer? Will not a tax on wages, in our prosperous country, and so long as labor organizations are powerful, be shifted on to profits of the employing producer? Can a tax on rent, on salaries, and net profits ever be shifted?

The inheritance tax is the newest and most fashionable tax in the modern evolution of taxation in the United States. Beginning in Pennsylvania in 1826, it is now found in thirteen States. Whether it be looked on as a fiscal tax, or as a change in the laws of inheritance and bequest, or as a startling enlargement of the doctrine of escheat and of socialistic tendencies, it is quite the "fad" of the day. It is a property tax, and a very "direct tax." It will not repercuss. It cannot be shifted upon any one else or anything else. The tax, even although payable out of capital, promises to be general among the several States, to which, in time of peace, its management, its perfectment, its benefits and burdens, should be left, till the experiment has been satisfactorily tried.

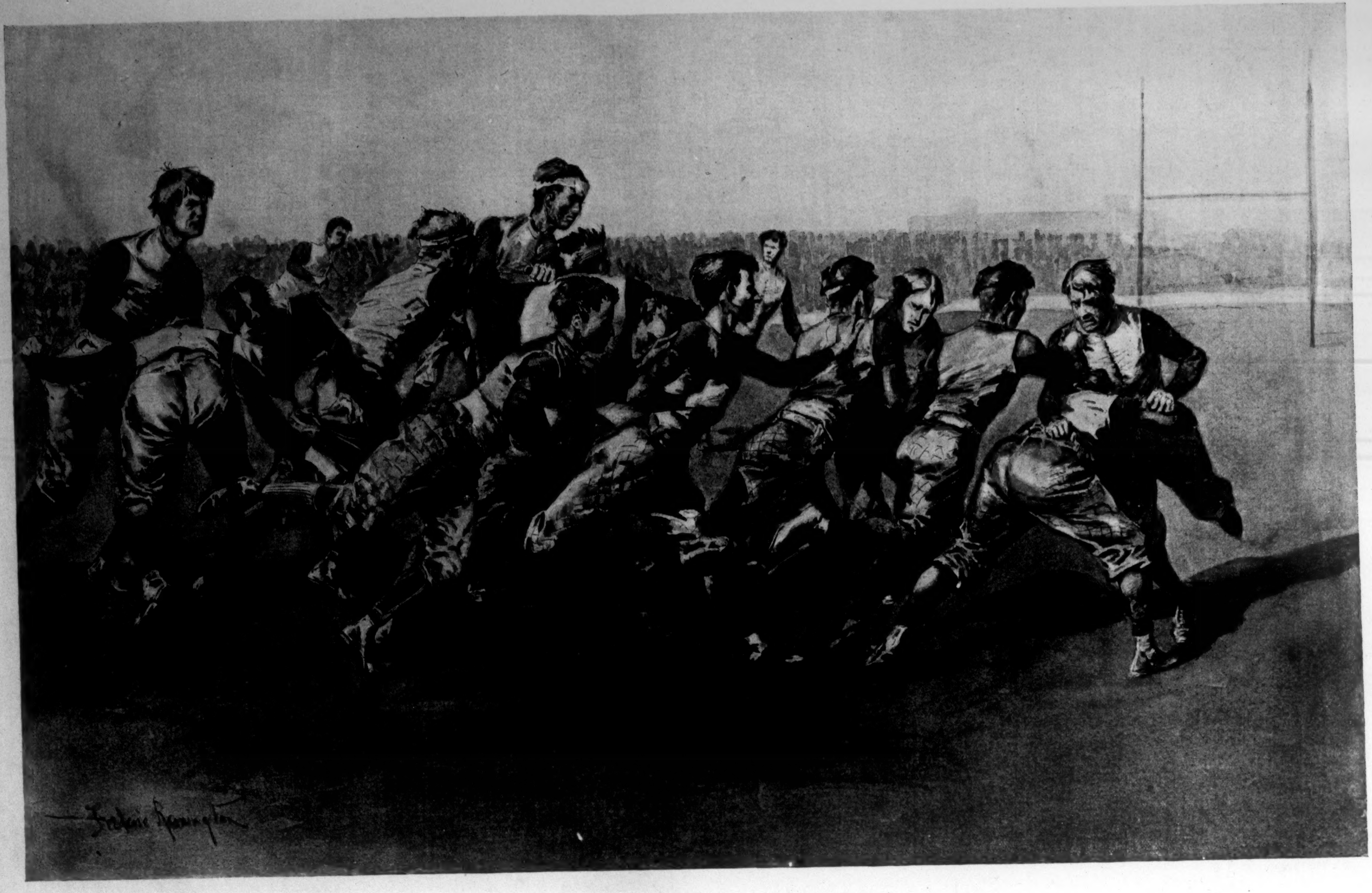
It requires a high order of civic virtue in a tax-payer to cause or enable him to voluntarily and truly disclose to the tax-gatherer every item of his taxable possessions and his income during the year. Hence the merit of "death taxes," levied on what must pass through probate or surrogate's courts into the hands of the heir or devisee. Even in the case of customs taxes, the tax-payer easily persuades himself or herself that the State must look about for itself, and the tax-payer has no obligation of disclosure of all the facts in his knowledge.

A present distribution of objects of taxation between the Federal government and the several States can be formulated in this wise:

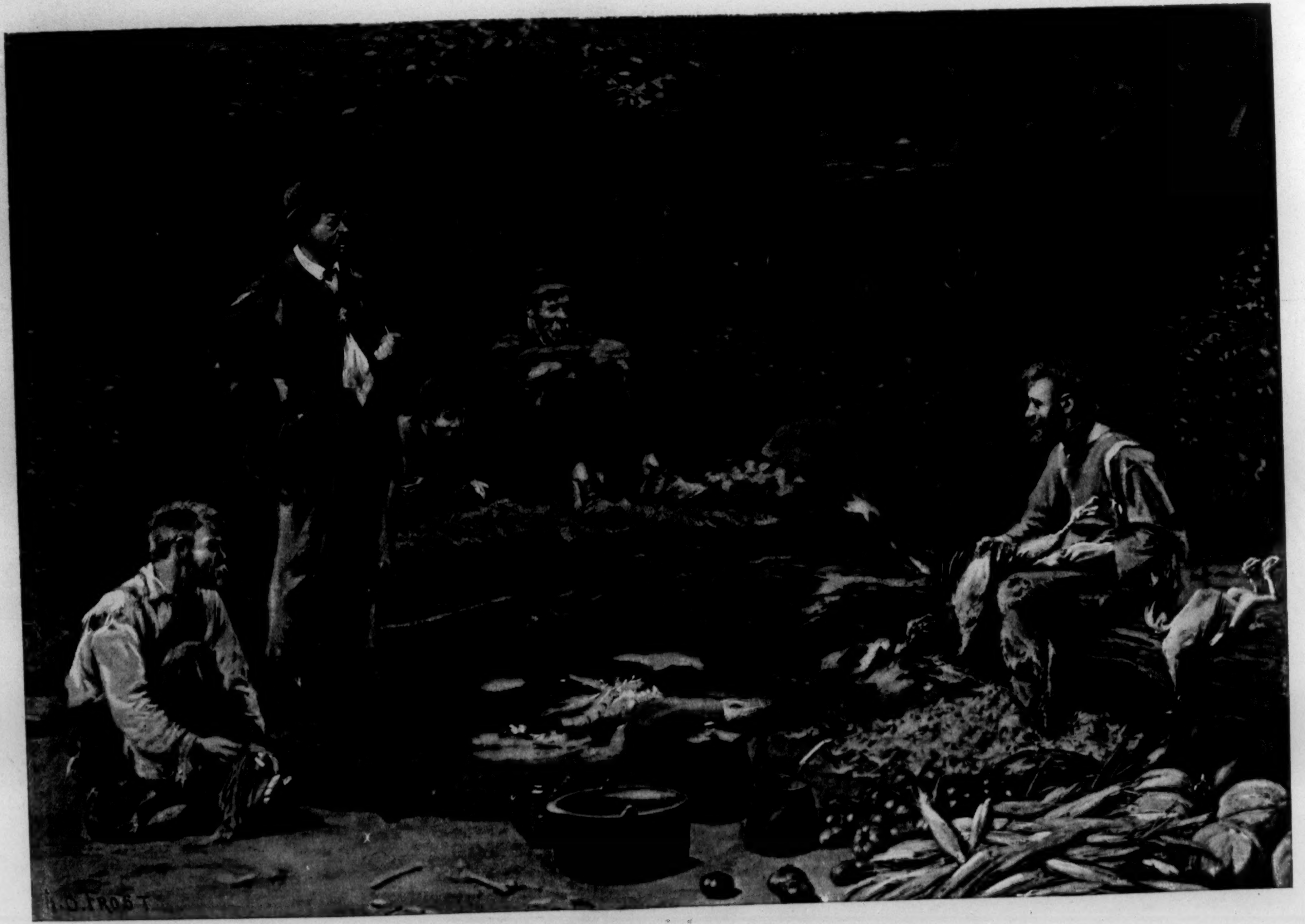
To the former, all articles produced in foreign countries or arriving therefrom, the tax to be levied when they arrive; also excises on spirits, beer, and tobacco produced in the United States, sufficient to obtain revenue wherewith to pay pensions.

To the latter, all direct taxes on individuals on account of wages, salaries, business, income, or possessions; also all taxes on property (other than the duties and excises committed to the Federal government as aforesaid) or its product.

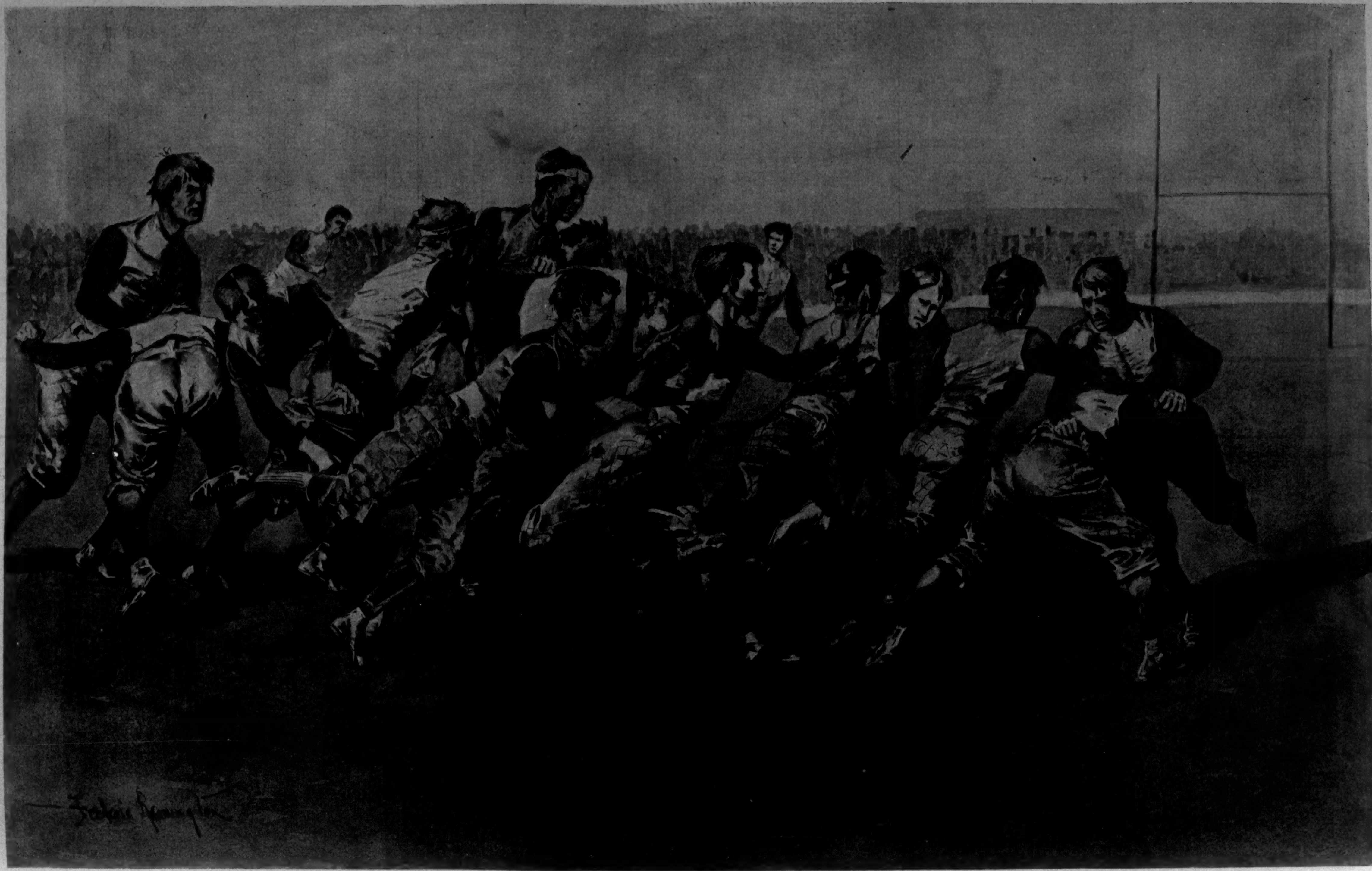
There are a good many of us who believe that our true and only path of sure prosperity as a country is in making the individual States rich and powerful, and may not such a plan of distribution of taxation tend to enforce economy at Washington, and at the same time enable each State to provide for its poor and needy, educate its ignorant, lift up the fallen, establish justice, improve roads, docks, and streets, facilitate the rapid and cheap exchange of products, protect credit, supply currency that is not a legal tender, and promote the comfort, beauty, and general welfare of its cities?


Frederic Remington

A RUN BEHIND INTERFERENCE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.



THE RURAL PEST.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.



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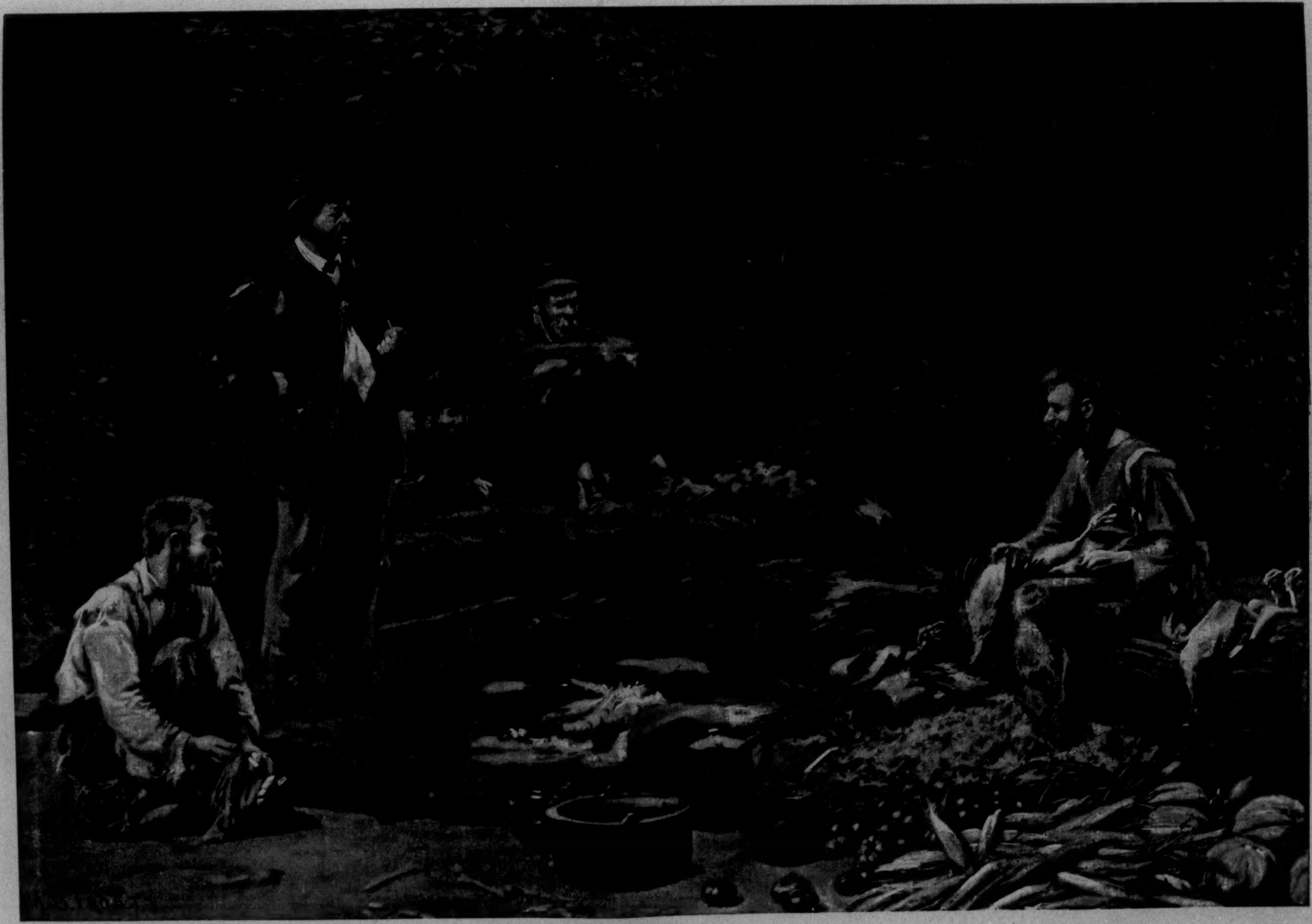


THE RURAL PEST.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

THE LAST SONG OF THE ROBIN.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"SUSAN, I can see that old farm now in my mind's eye—the country road, the guidepost on which was printed '20 Miles to Boston.' I can see the painted tavern, and the dark pond where the mysterious travellers were killed. I can fancy hubbly oak-trees; the way-side orchard; the corner under the trees where the white avens bloomed; the balm bed, the red-pepper patch, the lilac-bushes, and the bouncing-bet. I can hear conquiddles, as we called the bobolinks, as they used to fly and sing in the windward meadows; red-winged blackbirds in the woodland pastures; martin birds under the eaves; and the first song of the robin as he came out of the woods, like the dove from Noah's Ark, to see if the dry land had appeared. And, Susan, I can hear the last song of the robin."

The old man's eye looked over the great prairie, which spread out before him like a sea.

"It didn't look like *that*, Susan, where the sun rises and sets in the same corn field, and the rain-plover cries, and all is so wide, wide, wide.

"Susan, I've been thinking. I never told you much about my twin sister, who lives on the old farm now on the North River, in Massachusetts. She's seventy-five years old, come yesterday. I've had a letter from her. She's in trouble, Susan. I feel that I ought to go to her, old as I am. I do, Susan."

"You are too old, grandpa."

"The old place is about to be sold at auction. She says so in the letter, written in the same hand that we used to write together when we sat side by side on the wooden bench at school. She says that the poorhouse will soon be her home, but that there is One coming round soon who will settle all things. She means, Susan— Well, you know who it is that soon comes round and settles all things when a person passes the shadow of seventy years. I am able to go, Susan, and I must go. Somehow I can feel invisible hands pushing me like, as of the old folk, and I have dreamed twice of the last song of the robin.

"What was that? Well, well, the robins used to sing their last songs in the Indian-summer weather, before they went to their covers in the deep woods for the long winter. It was peculiarsome like. It was when the apples and leaves were falling, leaving bare the nests in the trees; after the wild-geese had flown over, and the partridges had begun to fly. I've heard 'em many a time. I would like to hear them once more, as I used to hear them among the red trees by the old cranberry meadows. You may think me queer, Susan, and haunted like; but I long to see that old slanting roof just once more, and my twin sister, who was rocked in the same cradle with me, and is now in sorrow, and to hear that last song of the robin. It seems as though at times I could hear *that* now."

He listened. There was a murmur of the wind in the cottonwood-trees.

"It is comin' Thanksgiving, Susan. It makes me think of the folks and times that are gone; of the succotash, pandowdy, and puddings, and pumpkin pies. There never was no such days anywhere like those, and my hungry heart aches to spend one more Thanksgiving with my sister Susan. The last one I spent there was sort of queer. The old minister he ate of all the dishes in the kitchen before the table was set, and then there were so many of them that it made him heavy like, and he fell asleep saying grace, and we sat there feeling awkward like, and the victuals all got cold. Oh, how I would like to talk over those old times with Susan, my old sister Susan!

"And, Susan, my little granddaughter, I hid some letters behind a board in the haunted garret under the candle-poles, and there's going to be a vendue, and I want to see them once again. That was more than fifty years ago.

"Haunted garret? Such a place seems queer to you, does it, Susan? We have no haunted garrets here out West. All the old houses and farms in the Cape towns had their ghost stories, and a family couldn't have amounted to much who hadn't been followed by a ghost sometime."

It was near sunset. Like a high arch of glory rose the red light in the western air—liquid rubies and gold. Against the sunset stood the black outlines of some Lombardy poplars and cottonwood-trees, and under the trees were three graves.

The old man's face turned towards the graves. He sat musing for a time in deep thought. The wind rippled through the faded leaves, and scattered them about the graves.

"Susan!"

"Well, grandpa?"

"Susan!"

"Yes, I hear. What is it? Grandpa, I was thinking of the haunted garret."

"Your grandmother and I brought those trees here. They were twigs then, and she was a bride. I brought her here some years after I took my claim. Now her grave is there, and the graves of two of our own little ones. I shall come back again. You and my sister Susan are all that is left me now—just old Susan and young Susan. *She* needs me. *He* will take care of you. If I live a week, I am going to rocky old New England once more. I hear voices calling me sometimes, and then there drifts into the air that last song of the robin, peculiarsome like."

"What were the letters you hid behind the board, grandpa?"

"In the haunted garret?"

"Yes."

"I may tell you sometime. It is a long story. It was in the garret where I once saw the ghost of old Rachel, who ground red peppers with a calash over her head. They used to hear her wandering about at night in the herb-room, pounding, pounding, pounding, with a pestle. What times those were!"

"I, too, would like to see the old house, and my great-aunt, and eat a Thanksgiving dinner with some of the good old families. What do you say, grandpa?"

"You would? Well, you may go too. You'll hear them, all those ghost stories and wonder tales, right where they happened."

The girl's face brightened up with pleasure, followed by a doubtful shadow, as of ghostly thoughts. She was still thinking of the haunted garret.

The old man sat dreaming again. He at last said, "Susan!"

"Yes."

"Susan!"

"Yes, I am listening."

"I have a secret for you."

"Yes? Let me hear."

"We will not let the folks know that we are coming. We will meet 'em as strangers like. Old Susan will not know me—likely not. Not know *me?* and we were born on the same day and rocked in the same cradle. It takes two to be happy always, and I used to be happy with her."

The girl sat thinking.

"Grandpa!"

But the old man's mind was in New England now. He was listening in dreams to his sister's voice, and perhaps the last song of the robin.

"Grandpa!"

"Yes, Susan."

"Why could we not bring *her* back with us?"

"The old well is there, and the walls and the rooms where the folks all were married and died. We could not bring her back. There are some things that money cannot do. We might bring her body back; only that, Susan."

"But those things are to be sold?"

"Yes, but they are there."

"And we will be there too, on Thanksgiving day."

"Yes; under the old roof on which I used to hear the rain fall in the warm summer eves."

The old man's face contracted and turned away. He was crying.

"I have not cried before for years, Susan. Sing me that old song that your mother used to sing when you was a baby They called it 'Ben Bolt.'"

A piano stood in one corner of the room, and over it soon floated the words of the haunting song:

> "Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
> Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?"

At the words,

> "In the old church-yard by the orchard, Ben Bolt,
> In the valley so sweet and so low,"

the old man bent over his cane, and great tears again ran down his cheeks.

"I used to sing, Susan, and play the violin in the old house at home. Father made me promise not to take *that* with me. He said it would hinder me. He meant well."

Susan sang:

> "But of all the boys that were schoolmates then,
> There is left but you and me."

Then there fell a silence, and the western twilight deepened, and the walls of the sun seemed melting down.

"Thank you, my girl. That reminds me of the old times and the last song of the robin."

They sat in silence, save that the west winds rustled amid the withering leaves of the old cottonwoods.

One cool day in September Susan alighted from her horse after a long ride over the prairie. She was met at the door by her grandfather.

"I've brought you another letter from the old home," she said. "It is in aunt's hand, and I think that she is in very great trouble. See! it is blotted."

The old man put on his spectacles, and held the letter close to his eyes. "Yes, she is in trouble, you may depend. I knew how it would be. Her hand shook when she wrote that. Let me open it."

He sat down on the rude piazza and read the letter, rocking at times nervously.

"Yes, she is in deep trouble, sure enough, Susan. We must go. I haven't done just right, Susan, by your aunt; I haven't, now. When I was young, I used to climb trees, and so hide from her and leave her, and she used to cry. I can see her now. I do feel as though I had been climbing a tree all of my life and hiding and leaving her. It didn't add to the stature of Zaccheus to climb a tree, but it did add to his reputation. So it is with me, Susan. I've gained some property by immigrating here to the prairies, but I am Zaccheus still, and I hear a voice calling me to come down. That's the way we used to talk in the old New England times, in figures like, when I thought the tree-tops reached clear up to the sky."

"What does aunt write, grandpa?"

"The old place is going to be sold by vendue, and the debts will take all—all."

"What is a vendue?"

"Oh, it's like this. When property people lose almost all they have, and can't pay their mortgages, then comes the sheriff, and after him a man whom we call an auctioneer, and the auctioneer cries 'Going, going, gone,' and when he gets through there's not so much as a birch broom left."

The old man rocked uneasily.

"It's my fault, Susan. I want to tell you, though I do it to my shame, what a woman your old aunt is. She always put a person's feelings above money. You see, it was this way: I had a fever to go West, and to marry, and Susan she wanted to marry a young farmer who owned an old Cape farm. But one of us had to stay with the folks. She was tender-hearted, Susan was, and she used to love me more than her own life—she always loved others more than herself—and one day, under the apple-trees, she said to me, 'Martin,' said she, 'you may go West, and I'll live with father and mother.' When I came to be propounded for the Church, my conscience troubled me so that I made a covenant with myself that I would always be true to my twin sister Susan. And I nailed that covenant behind a board in the garret. And now I am going back to find it, and to keep it. Just hear this letter. She says:

"'Mother's long sickness caused the mortgage, and the interest on it grew. Now they are going to sell the old place at vendue, and I'll have to go to the poorhouse, or else live on the church, which is poor. *Even my Thanksgiving turkeys will be sold!*'

"Did you hear that, Susan? I remember how we used to go together hunting turkeys' nests when we were young. A turkey is a sly bird, and hides her nest, and always goes an opposite way when she starts for her nest. How we used to follow the turkeys slyly amid the dews, wild roses, and laurels, so as to find their nests! And now even her turkeys are to be sold! Susan, I feel as though I hadn't done as I ought to. I must go back East, and I will do the right thing in the end. I will keep the covenant. It was Susan that gave me a chance in life. I can hear the old folks that are dead callin', 'Come home, come home;' seems as though I could."

"Grandfather, have you any spare money?"

"What makes you ask that, child?"

"Couldn't you buy the old place, and give it to her?"

"To Susan? To Susan? Why, bless your heart, that's just what I've just been thinking! If I ought to—and a man ought to do what he ought, or he'll feel just as he hadn't ought to, and I feel that way now. No, Susan, none of those auction-attending folks shall eat my sister Susan's turkeys this year. We'll get ready and go. You never saw the sea, did you?"

"No; nor old houses with ghost-rooms. It all seems like a story."

"Nor rocks, nor walls, nor great apple orchards, nor woods of old oak-trees?"

"No, nor a Thanksgiving—a real true one, grandpa."

"Well, child, you shall see a real old New England Thanksgiving this year, and I think it will be one well worth seeing. We'll roast those turkeys ourselves. They're saying 'quit, quit' to the mortgage now. I'm going to keep my covenant. It makes me happy to think of it. But, as I said, we will not let them know that we are coming. And, Susan, Susan, you maybe will hear that last song of the robin."

The old man paced the piazza, and hummed, in a broken voice:

> "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
> When fond recollection presents them to view;
> The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
> And every loved spot which my infancy knew!"

"I used to know the man that made that song," he said. "He was a son of a Revolutionary soldier who lived at Scituate. He went to live in New York. Strange that people will go to live so far away! I used to hear the boys sing it during the war," he added, absently, "when they would get Thanksgiving boxes from home. Seems as though I could hear it now in the air: there are some songs that haunt one's heart Susan: it seems as though I could hear it far away. Listen!"

He listened. The prairie air was still. He heard the song, but Susan, she did not hear. The wind rippled through the dry leaves of the cottonwoods over the three graves.

There are probably no roads in our country that are so legend-haunted as those between Boston and Plymouth. The making of those roads by the Massachusetts and Plymouth Bay colonies was the first map of the nation. The men who built them, and guarded them by heavy stone walls, were the descendants of some of the best families of England, whose soul-training had led them to place principle above wealth, pleasure, or fame. On their simple rural farms they lived, attended the church and the folkmote, as the town meeting may be called, and they made the latter the pattern of all future republics.

Their farms, with the gray stone walls, cool wells, and great elms, retaining their names, still remain. The purple swallows come to them as of old in the spring-time, and the ospreys, or fishing-hawks, drift over at noon, wheeling in the sun. The partridge and quail may still be found in the woodlands and woodland pastures, and a few woodpeckers may still be heard tapping the trees.

The byways in their seclusion are even more poetic than the main highways. The wild grape and clematis there cover the sinking walls. The ancient graveyards are there, and their slate stones, with their curious death's-heads and virtuous poetry, still may be seen zigzagging as it were among the bright sumacs. The slanting roofs are covered with moss, and the great barn doors open to the sea.

It was down this way that the old man Martin Marlowe and his granddaughter rode in one of the last stage-coaches that ever passed down the winding roads by the sea—past the homes of the two Presidents Adams, past the church of the eloquent Henry Ware, past the old Scituate farm, where Woodworth lived, who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket," to a once famous but now forgotten neighborhood, on the North River, where a thousand ships had been built, and among them the one which first entered the Columbia River of Oregon, and that gave the river its name. The old Winslow place was near, as were the green farms on the Marshfield meadows, where Daniel Webster came to live, and the Winslow reservation, where live the last of the Wampanoags.

The old man seemed dwelling in the past as the stage rattled along.

"There are not many of them left now," he said to Susan. "How I shall miss seeing my old friends! All that a man can have in this world is his friends, and when they go his world is gone."

He looked out on the great elms, which were flaming with color, and dropping their leaves in golden showers. The weather was warm, and the air had a swampy smell.

The old man began to tell the legends of the old houses and places as they passed along:

"Susan, there's where old Parson White used to live in the Indian days. His house stood in the meadow; there's the chimney there yet—see?—down by the alder-bushes. He preached nigh on to seventy year, and he lived to be ninety. He preached to the Indians in Eliot's time, when old Waban was living. One day a good Indian came to him, as I've hearn the old folks tell, and said to him, 'Matthew—Mark—Luke—John—Jonah.' And the tall parson talked to him about his soul and redemption and heaven, and then gave him a mug of cider to encourage him in his inquiries. It did. He came again, and the minister was busy writing one of his long sermons that turned the hourglass twice. 'Matthew—Mark—Luke—John—Jonah,' said the Indian. But the parson's mind was in the skies now. So the poor Indian repeated over the Scripture names again. But the parson's mind was absent, thinking. Parson White was great on thinking. Then the Indian pounded with his walking-stick, making a great noise after each name, and especially after 'Jonah.' That brought the old parson down from his Jacob's ladder. 'What do you mean,' he shouted, rising up like a steeple. 'Cider!' said the Indian, and the poor parson dropped his face. He was discouraged, Susan."

The stage stopped here and there at the country stores, about whose doors hung woollens for winter wear, and on the wooden steps of which were barrels of apples, onions, and potatoes.

One of the saddest sights on a New England byway is a dead church, with its broken tower and silent bell, in some neighborhood where the "boys" have nearly all gone to the cities and the West. The coach rolled by such a one, with its briery graveyard and broken wall. The old man saw it, and his memory of boyhood legends revived again.

"Susan—Susan—Parson White preached his last sermon there. It is boarded up now. See the old bell that used to make the hills echo! Parson White had gone eighty then; almost ninety he must have been.

"It was a Sunday morning in balm-breathing June, with the wild roses blooming, and the orioles singing, and the bobolinks toppling in the clover. The windows were open, and the shadows of the elms fell across them. The communion table was spread in front of the tall pulpit, which was hung with silk curtains under the sounding-board. Parson White he went up the pulpit stairs and began to pray. The old folks used to say that they never heard such a prayer as that. He seemed to be looking into heaven. Suddenly he stopped. There was a long silence. The church was so still you might have heard the chippering of the wrens in the old trees. He said then: 'The horsemen of Israel, and the chariots thereof.' Then he was silent again, and then he seemed talking to himself, and said, in a low voice:

'My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.'

He did not move again. Never. He lay there on the pulpit, his face encircled in the arms of his long black robe, and resting on the Bible. The deacons went up to him softly. He was dead."

The old man dropped his head in silence for a time. The coach rolled on its dusty way over the red and russet leaves that were falling in the sun.

Little Susan was dreaming too—of old Susan and haunted rooms and the fairylike day of Thanksgiving.

"Susan—Susan—we are near the old farm," said the old man, starting. "There's the gable just over the savin-trees—there, with the woodbine on it, where the martin-boxes used to be. Many's the time I've looked out of that window. I was young then, Susan; we do not live twice in this world."

A strange sound fell on the Western girl's ears.

"Going! going! How much am I offered for the old family cradle? Fifty cents? Fifty cents am I offered for the old family cradle? Fifty cents for this old oak cradle? One generation has slept in it, and it is good for another. Fifty cents am I offered?"

The old man listened a moment, then thrust his head out of the coach door and said to the driver: "Hurry up! I want to bid on *that cradle*."

The driver cracked his whip. The coach rolled by a thin grove of trees that partly hid the yard from the way, and a strange scene was brought to view. A crowd of people, young and old, were gathered around an old gray farmhouse with an open door. There were vehicles of almost all kinds about the place, with the horses hitched to the trees. In the yard in front of the door was the furniture of the house, and on a high chair stood the tall form of a country auctioneer, crying the articles for sale in the singsong tone of the old travelling preachers—a tone that must be first heard to be imitated.

In the doorway, close by a great stone step, sat an old woman in a white cap and calico dress, and a handkerchief crossed over her breast. She was watching the sale. Her face was beautiful in its serenity, hope, and trust. Faith was written in it. She seemed to have a soul that had a life above all changes.

"Is that aunt?" said Susan.

"My girl, I do not know. It looks like her. Does she look like me?"

The stage stopped. The driver called to the auctioneer: "Hold on! Here's a man that wants to bid on that cradle."

The auctioneer ceased his singsong, and all eyes were turned on the old man and the girl alighting from the stage. No one knew them.

"Now we are all ready," began the auctioneer again. "The old oak cradle. How much am I offered for the old oak cradle? Fifty cents am I offered for the oak cradle? Some good people have been rocked in this old oak cradle, and it is good enough yet. Fifty cents. Seventy-five? Yes, the old gentleman who has just arrived bids seventy-five. Eighty—do I hear it? Eighty now for the old oak cradle? There were many prayers made over that old oak cradle. S-e-v-e-n-t-ee-five! Eighty—do I hear it? Are you all done? S-e-v-e-n-t-ee-five! Going, going, going! *Once*, do I hear the eighty? *Twice*, do I hear the eighty? Three times—third and last call—do I hear the eighty? Gone—to— What is your name, stranger?"

"Cash," said the old man, with a quivering lip, as he passed through the crowd, followed by the wondering girl.

"Sold to Cash," said the auctioneer. "What have we here? The little oak chair for the child at the table. Are you all ready to bid for the little oak chair for the child at the table? It is as old as the family, and as good as new. Look at it—the little oak chair for the child at the table—how much am I offered? Here is another—two of them. How much am I offered for them both?"

The old man Marlowe and Susan take a seat on the great stone step, close to the feet of the serene old woman. Marlowe looks into her face.

Her lip quivered.

"You bought that cradle," said she. "Were you ever here before?"

"Yes, many years ago. I used to know your father."

"You did!—and my mother, too?"

"Yes; they were good people."

"They are buried over there, under the savin-bushes," said the old woman. "I was rocked in that there cradle, and my twin brother, who went out West. I wish that he could have had that cradle. I think of him all of the time of late. He and a little granddaughter are all that's left. The auctioneer spoke true—he did; there's been many a prayer made over that cradle, and now it is gone out of the family. I've prayed that it might not be so. It will all be right by-and-by. The Lord is tedious, but He's sure. I almost lose my faith sometimes, and I can hardly keep back my tears now. Why did you come here, stranger?"

"To spend Thanksgiving. I used to live in this town."

"Have you any relations here?"

"Yes, a sister. I came to visit her, and I want to buy some of the old furniture; it looks so natural."

"There's to be no more Thanksgivings for me in this world. Stranger, it does seem rather hard. I've always been industrious, and have done my best. Stranger, it is hard when a poor lone woman like me, that never did any one harm, can neither die nor live. Did you ever have any trouble, stranger? You have? Then you do feel for me, don't you? The Lord forgive me!"

The voice of the auctioneer rang out, "How much am I offered?"

"Fifty cents," says old Marlowe, looking at the two chairs as the auctioneer held one up in either hand.

"Fifty cents for two family chairs for children at the table. Oak—good as ever—fifty cents! Going, going, going, at fifty cents. Is that all? Fifty cents? Do I hear sixty? Sixty—do I hear it? Going, going; once—do I hear it? Twice—do I hear it? Three times—do I hear it? Are you all done? Fifty cents. Sold to— What shall I call you, stranger?"

"Cash," said the old man.

"Cash again," said the auctioneer.

The old woman touches Marlowe on the shoulder: "Have you any children?"

"No, my good woman. Only my grandchild here."

"What is her name?"

"Susan."

"That is my name, stranger. My twin brother and I used to sit in those chairs. I wish I were able to save some of these things for him. It is hard, isn't it, stranger? But you and I will never be young again. The withered stalk never blooms any more. I've 'most got through."

She looked out over the sunny fields in the last glow of the Indian-summer days.

"Stranger, you came home to spend Thanksgiving. I'll have my next Thanksgiving in a better world than this. I did hope to see my twin brother once more, but that can never be. The sun that goes down will find me a burden to the world. There's the old clock—they're going to sell that too. It struck on the day that I was born, and at all the weddings and funerals and Thanksgiving days. Are you going to buy that too? I wish you would. I have a good feeling for you—somehow I'm drawn towards you. I feel as though you felt for me. I've wound that clock myself nigh on to sixty years."

"The old eight-day clock comes next. Many a day that clock has seen, and it is good yet. How much am I offered for the old family clock? Start it, some one. I'll give five dollars for it myself."

"Six," said the old man on the door-step.

"Are you going to buy that too?" said old Susan. "I'm proper glad to hear ye bid on that. How many times I've heard it strike one at the family funerals, and then seen the minister rise beside the coffin and say, 'Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.' I used to hear it strike one at night, when I watched with my twin brother Martin, who went West, in the weeks and weeks when he laid between life and death with the typhus fever. I wish that he could be here to-day.

"Stranger, do you know of what I've been thinkin'? Of course you don't. I've just been wishing like, dreaming like, that brother Martin would come here, as you have come, and would bid off the old farm, and that I might die here at last in peace—where they all died. I've been dreamin' just that dream. It comes to me. Oh, what a Thanksgiving this old heart would have, could such a dream as that come true!"

"Six dollars I am offered. Six, six, six. Going, going, going. Do I hear seven?"

"Seven," bid a neighbor.

"Seven—do I hear ten? Seven dollars am I offered. Yes, once eight, and nine. Do I hear ten? Ten, ten, ten—do I hear it?"

"Ten," said the old man on the step.

"Ten I am offered. Do I hear the twelve? Ten, ten, ten. Going, going, going, at ten dollars. Once—do I hear it? Twice—do I hear it? Third and last call. Going at ten dollars, to—"

"Cash," said the old man.

"Stranger," said the auctioneer, "what shall we do with these things that you have bought?"

The crowd gathered densely about the door-step to hear the reply.

"You may leave them right where they are. I have a good use for them."

The parlor looking-glass was next offered. The old man on the step bought that also. Then the old empty parrot-cage, and he bought that.

"I'm glad that you have bought the lookin'-glass," said old Susan. "What if all the faces that have looked into it could appear again! What if I could see there my father and mother young again—and Martin! What does make me think so much of Martin of late? Seems as though sometimes he was hoverin' around me. There, they are going to sell the Concord musket and the dinner-horn! How many times I've blown that old horn just at twelve o'clock to call the folks to dinner! Martin learned me how to blow it when he was a boy. We used to blow a sea-shell at first."

The sale continued without any regard to the order of the value of the articles—the parlor furniture, old school-books and almanacs, china and pewter mugs. The old man on the step bought them all.

Mysterious looks began to pass from one to another of the country folks. Why was the quiet old man buying all those things? What was he going to do with them? Would he buy the house and farm? Had he any interest in the poor old woman, who was watching him now with straining nerves and intense interest?

After the sale of the furniture the auctioneer said: "We will next offer the house and farm. The old woman will show you the deeds. There is no encumbrance on the property. We will stop the sale for an hour. Then you will be ready for the finish. Stranger, where shall we put all these things that you have been buying?"

"I'll tell you later; I'm not ready to answer yet. Never mind me—don't crowd around me, friends. I'm an honest man. Go and take your lunches under the trees."

There was a jingle of bells on the clear bright air. The bread-cart man was coming. The people bought gingerbread and bunns, and lounged under the cool trees in a spot of ground where stood a large and a small grindstone, and overhead hung scythes and corn-knives. There was a buzzing of voices and talking in a suppressed tone, and great inquiry about the stranger who simply called himself "Cash," and who was purchasing everything.

The old woman now tried to find out the secret of the stranger's interest in these things.

"You and I must be about the same age," she said.

"Yes," said the old man; "the same suns have lighted us both. They used to tell a ghost story about the chambers here. My girl has often asked me about them. Did you ever see anything strange upstairs?"

"No, but I found, just before the auction, some papers hidden behind a board. They read mighty curious, and were signed with what the writing said was blood."

"You don't say?" said the old man, starting. "What were they?"

"It was a covenant that some one had made with the Lord. I think that it was Martin's. Seemed as though his father asked him to make it. It promised many things. There was one thing in it that made me write to him. Whoever made it promised to be faithful to *me*. The signature was faded. It was made on the day that the writer was propounded for church."

Martin Marlowe's face fell. Had he been true to that covenant that he remembered so vividly?

"Say, stranger," said old Susan, "I hope you will excuse me, but what may your name be?"

"Never mind my family history now. I will tell you later more about myself. What was the story about the haunted chamber? Tell it to my girl here."

"About Rachel, who raised red peppers, and used to appear with a calash over her head?"

"Yes. That ghost was the terror of all the children and hired people. Rachel was an old maiden lady. She used to have charge of the balm bed, the sage bed, and the pepper bed, and the dried apples and red peppers, and sold them to get money for the church and her clothes. She ground the red peppers in the garret, and to keep the pepper dust from burning out her eyes she used a calash, which was a great bonnet with whalebone ribs that stood up from the head all around as though it were hung on the air, and over the calash she wore a long green veil. She put over her body a long white night-gown, and when we went up to the top of the garret stairs to see her pound she looked kind of awful and scary, like a picture in the old *Pilgrim's Progress*. When I heard that she had come back to haunt the old herb-room in the garret, and I pictured in my mind how she used to look, it fairly made my flesh creep. Of all ghosts I wouldn't have liked to see old Rachel with her calash like a shay's top, and her pound, pound, pound. She used to punish me when I was a boy by snapping her thumb and finger on the top of my head. I remember it all as though it were yesterday. I once went up to the herb-room to get some—"

"Not herbs, my good friend," said Susan.

"No; some preserves or cake. They used to keep the goodies there, and I had been going there pretty often in a quiet way, when I felt, just as I was bending over the marmalade-jar, a snap on the top of my head, and I looked up suddenly, and there was the most awful sight that I ever saw—old Rachel herself, in her white night-gown, calash, and all. I scooted after the first glance, and rolled over and over down the first flight of stairs, and leaped down the second. No barn or chimney swift could have gone quicker. I didn't sleep much for a long time after that, and I never dared to tell the story, because I was at the marmalade-jar when she appeared. I never told it to anybody until after I went away.

"I used to lay awake until morning, and when I heard the wings of the swallows in the chimney my heart would beat like a trip-hammer, for I thought it was old Rachel and her pepper-mill. When the fowls crowed for day I would feel safe again, for no ghost ever could appear after the cock crew in the morning, so the old folks said. Susan, what do you think that ghost was?"

"Oh, my good friend, how can I tell it now? I think—oh, I know it was poor old grandmother! She scared Martin once in that way to keep him—oh, how can I say it?—to keep him from getting at her plum-cake."

"How do you know?"

"She told me so, and told me never to tell."

The two look at each other.

"That accounts for it. I always thought it was kind o' strange that they should have whalebone calashes in another world."

"Stranger, how familiar you seem to be with this old place, the swallows in the chimney, and all! You say you used to know our folks. Any relation?"

"I used to work for your father."

"Did ye?"

The two looked at each other—after fifty years.

"Somehow I almost feel related," said old Susan.

The shining hour of noon was now passed. The auctioneer rang his bell.

"Are you ready for the sale of the farm? Thirty acres and the house and buildings. Clear deed. How much am I offered? Some one start the farm. Been in the same family one hundred and thirty years. How much am I offered?"

"Five hundred dollars," said a well-to-do-looking farmer named Pool.

"Five hundred dollars. Do I hear the six? Five hundred dollars am I offered. Do I hear the six? Five hundred dollars."

"Six," bid another.

"Seven," another.

"Eight."

"Nine."

"Nine hundred dollars I am offered. Do I hear the thousand? Nine hundred dollars. Nine, nine, nine. Going, going, nine hundred dollars. One thousand—do I hear it? Nine hundred dollars. Are you all done? Going, going—"

"One thousand dollars."

The voice came from the old man on the step. Old Susan rocked violently, and appeared greatly agitated. The people gathered in a close mass around the door-step, all eyes fixed upon the venerable stranger.

"One thousand dollars. Do I hear eleven hundred? One thousand dollars am I offered. Going, going, going. Once, twice, third and last call, going, going, going, for one thousand dollars. The hammer is about to fall. One th-o-u-s-a-n-d dollars. Sold."

There was a deep silence that followed the fall of the hammer.

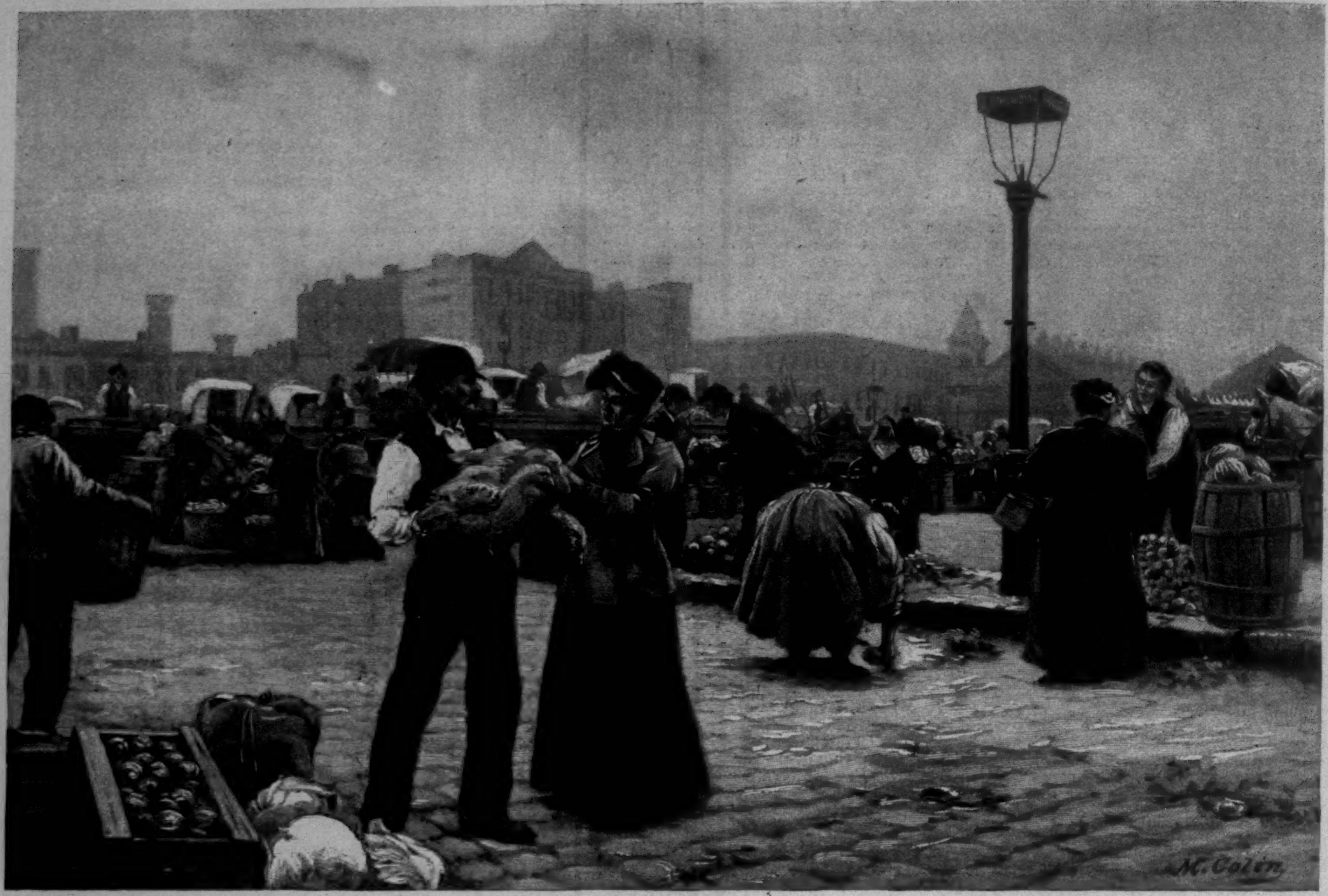
"Gone," said the old woman, and she threw her apron over her white head and bent over, adding: "I am homeless now. I never thought to see a day like this."

"What is to be done with these things?" asked the auctioneer.

The old man rises. His girl stands up beside him.

"Susan," said he.

Old Susan uncovered her pitiful face.



EARLY MORNING AT GANSEVOORT MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by M. Colin.—[See Page 1158.]

"Susan, what will you have done with these things? I have bought them for *you*."

Susan stops her rocking. She looks dazed. Her face is upturned, and her blue eye looks piercingly into the eye of the tall old man.

"I would have you have them. You do pity me, don't you? It will do me good to think that *you* have them. You have spoken me kindly."

"The furniture shall all be brought back into the house again," says the quiet old man. "The cradle, clock, and looking-glass shall all be placed where they were before."

"To whom are the papers to be made out?" asks the auctioneer.

"My good friend, we will need no new deeds. The old ones will do. I used to know the family when I was a boy, and Susan's father and mother did much for me. To-morrow is Thanksgiving, and I shall spend it here. I'm going to be good to Susan for the old folks' sake."

He bends over old Susan. She sits like one dead. He takes her withered hand, stoops down and kisses her, and says,

"I'll let the place to her."

There was a silence in the air that Indian-summer afternoon, and for many minutes the silence was unbroken. A woodpecker tapped a hollow tree at last, and a sea-bird on wide wings went screaming by.

"Let the place to me?" says old Susan. "Stranger, you are good, like one sent forth out of the doors of heaven, but I have no money. I must be plain, stranger. I have no money, and how are these old hands to earn any? Look at them. Their work is done."

She bends her gray head.

"Stranger, I want to say something to you in private. I have something on my soul, and it troubles me. They have kept back a part of the price."

"What?"

"The neighbors, some of them, the Brewster boys, they've driven away my Thanksgiving turkeys."

"Why, my good woman?"

"So that the auctioneer should not sell them. The neighbors said that my Thanksgiving turkeys should not be sold. Now that was kind in 'em, wasn't it? But it wasn't quite right. I've always done just the thing that I thought to be right. My motto has been, 'I will be what I ought to be.' I'm poor, stranger, but, except the turkeys, my conscience is clear. My folks were all good people, as you know, if you used to work here when a boy. Notwithstanding that grandmother used to keep the children away from the herb-room with old Rachel's gown and calash. Now, stranger, what would you do? The folks here wouldn't like it if I were to tell the auctioneer; they're too good to me. But I must tell now; I must be honest, stranger. You are so good to me. I don't understand it. It is all a wonderment; but the Lord will make it plain. Seems as though I was dreaming."

She looks out over the hills, which are flaming with autumn glows. She starts.

"Stranger, there's one other thing that I want to tell you. There's another thing that I've kept back. But that is honest. My twin brother Martin had a violin, and he left it here. I've felt that it isn't theirs; it's his. He used to sing in the church over there. You may see the steeple now. And he used to play on the violin."

There was a new movement among the people in the yard. One of the neighbors came up to the steps.

"It's too bad, Susan; they've found those turkeys. The dog scented 'em out, and he's driving 'em home. It is too bad; they might have left ye a Thanksgiving dinner."

There was great gobbling in the hill-side pasture. A flock of turkeys, one of which was white, was half running and half flying towards the house, followed by the auctioneer's dog. One of the gobblers had lost his tail feathers, and he flew up in a zigzag way, and alighted in a maple-tree. Another turkey followed him, flying heavily and clumsily, and crying, almost like a human voice, "quit! quit!"

"Stranger," said old Susan, "seems 's though that turkey spoke, as Balaam's turkey, if he had one, might have done. Stranger, I raised them turkeys myself, and I hoped that I might have one myself; and that perhaps—I dreamed of it, stranger—perhaps my twin brother Martin, who went out West, might be here, and that we might have one of them for Thanksgiving."

"I'll buy the turkeys for you."

"You—well, you are proper good. But I don't understand these things. I've never been used to receiving anything from strangers, though the neighbors have always been good to me. They tried not to have the farm sold, but it was the law. Stranger, it had to be—it was the law."

The auctioneer mounted the bench again, rang his bell, and swung his hammer.

"There's one thing we've overlooked. Hear, all! Here are the things that everybody wants. Turkeys—to-morrow is Thanksgiving. A fine lot of fat turkeys, and a white one. Just look at that fat old gobbler up in that tree! One seldom sees a finer bird than that. And look at that hen-turkey—"

"Quit! quit!" exclaimed the beautiful bird, in great astonishment, on seeing all eyes turned towards her.

"That's the mother turkey," said old Susan. "She's lost her family before. She's a cosset turkey. I raised her in the chimney-corner. She is used to coming into the house to be fed."

"How much am I offered for this fine lot of turkeys? Just a dozen of them. Twelve dollars. I am offered twelve dollars. Do I hear the thirteen? Twelve dollars, twelve dollars. Thirteen—thirteen I am offered. Thirteen—fourteen. Fifteen—do I hear it? Fourteen dollars. Going, going, going. Once, do I hear it? Twice, do I hear it? Third and last call—f-o-u-r-t-e-e-n dollars."

He lifted his hammer.

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen dollars—fifteen I am offered. Going, going, going, for fifteen dollars. Are you all done? Going for fifteen dollars to—"

"MARTIN MARLOWE," said the old man, in a firm voice.

He stood up and uncovered his white head. Old Susan's form dropped together as though she had been smitten. She buried her face in her lap, and sobbed as she used to do in childhood.

The neighbors gather silently around the door-step, among the myrtles and bouncing-bet. Some are whispering, some laughing, and a few are crying.

"Susan," says the old man, "get me my violin."

The old woman sent for the instrument, and the old man saw that it had not been wholly out of use. He tuned it, and lifted it into the air. "Susan, we used to sing together in church, over there. What did we use to say on Thanksgiving days?

"I remember, neighbors. I'm going to play that hymn. My voice is almost gone, but I want you to sing it with me."

He lifts the bow. "Tune—'Hamburg.'"

The music floated out on the mellow autumn air, the violin playing as in the old church days. Before the people ran the river to the sea. The air was still; nature seemed listening.

> "God is the Refuge of His saints
> When storms of sharp distress invade;
> Ere we can offer our complaints,
> Behold Him present with His aid.
>
> "Let mountains from their seats be hurled
> Down to the deep and buried there,
> Convulsions shake the solid world,
> Our faith shall never yield to fear.
>
> "Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
> In sacred peace our souls abide,
> While every nation, every shore,
> Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
>
> "There is a stream whose gentle flow
> Supplies the city of our God,
> Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
> And watering our divine abode.
>
> "That sacred stream, thy Holy Word,
> Our grief allays, our fear controls;
> Sweet peace thy promises afford,
> And give new strength to fainting souls.
>
> "Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
> Secure against a threatening hour;
> Nor can her firm foundation move,
> Built on His truth, and armed with power."

"Now sing the Doxology!" He lifted his bow again. People turn aside their faces to hide their tears. Then the strains of thanksgiving rose up under the glimmering trees. And old Susan stood up and sung.

It is near sunset now. The red sky shines through the skeleton limbs of the still trees. The crows are cawing afar over a dead corn field. The jays are calling in the savin-bushes. Old Susan looks into her brother's face. She takes little Susan by the hand.

A bird comes flying through the air out of the woods and alights on the top of an elm. It has a red breast, which shines in the sunset. It lifts its brown wings joyfully and begins to sing.

It was the last song of the robin.

A WISH-BONE WISH.

"I have won the larger end of the bone,
And the triumph with joy I greet.
Already a wish in my heart has grown,
Like a flower tender and sweet."

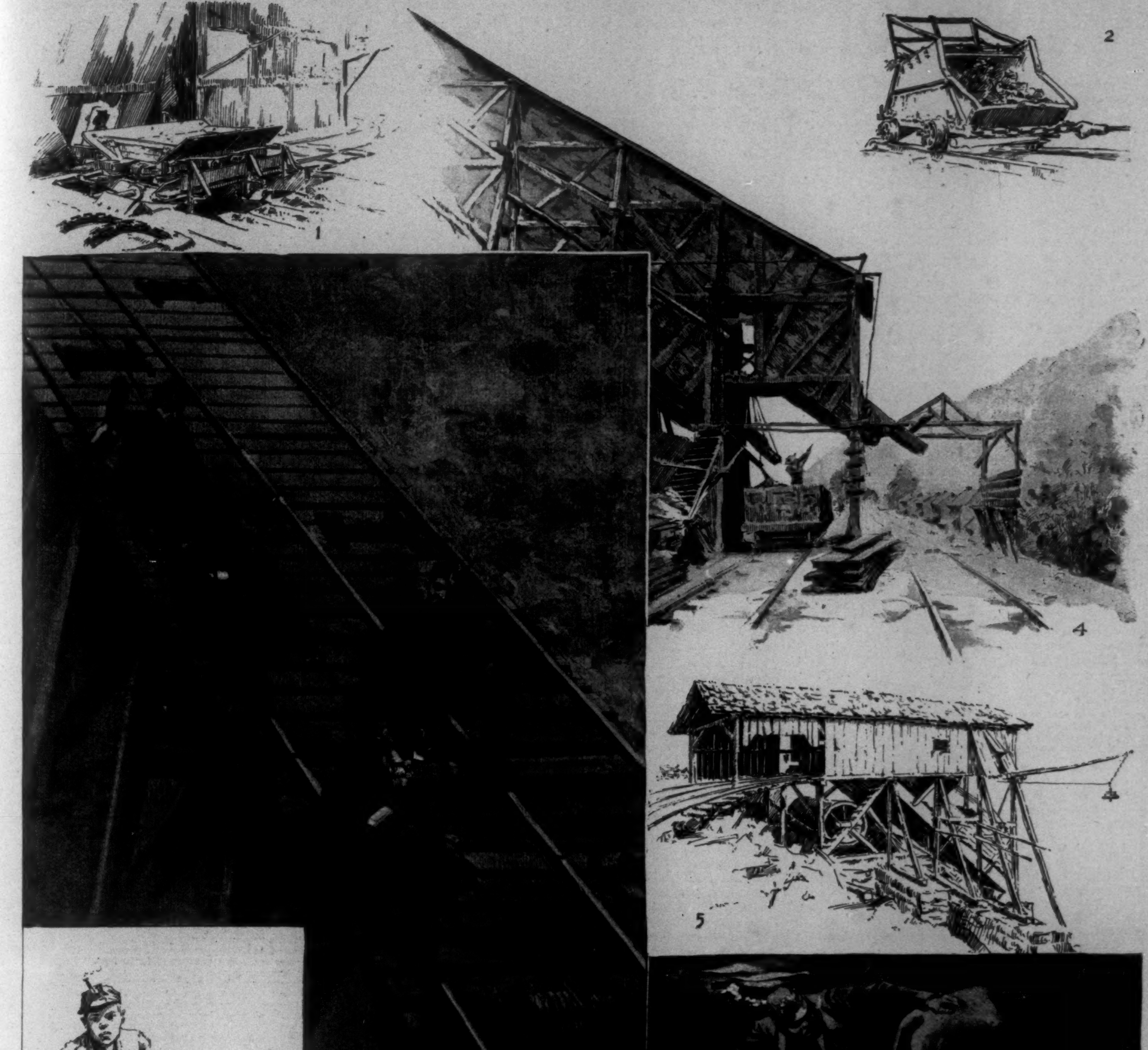
Then Amy looked up from the luscious dish
Where the bones of the turkey lay,
And murmured, "Won't you tell me the wish
That you've made on the wish-bone, pray?"

"If I tell you, Amy, it won't come true;
And if it comes true, you see,
It will be just as lovely, my dear, for you
As it ever can be for me."

She looked in his eye with a puzzled air
As she idly toyed with a rose
That dreamily lay on her bosom fair
In a happy and charmed repose.

And he sang to himself as he said farewell
To the thrill of her hand's warm press:
"Oh, this is the reason I would not tell:
I wished for her answer—Yes!"

R. K. Munkittrick.



AMONG THE MINERS OF WEST VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY W. A. C. PAPE.—[SEE PAGE 1158.]

1. A Cradle. 2. A Monitor. 3. Going Home. 4. A "Tipple." 5. Drum-House. 6. A Miner. 7. A Driver. 8. A Miner's Shanty. 9. After the Day's Work.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE most progressive thing of the day is woman. She keeps getting ahead all the time. In this country there really begins to be a prospect that she will vote. She does vote in some States now, and that makes it possible for her to make a record as a voter and earn the suffrage elsewhere. It also gives her a chance to show the evil effects of female suffrage, if any such there be. But whether she votes or not, in the affairs of the world woman is no longer deprived of an opportunity. She has a chance, and that much being conceded, the wonder is that she does not go ahead faster even than she is going. How can she help distancing man, in spite of a possible inferiority to him, so long as her habits are so much better than his? The average man is perpetually at loggerheads with his habits. He fights drink and tobacco with one hand, and works with the other. He makes very fair progress, all things considered. But woman ordinarily has no habits that are worth mentioning. It is the exception when her drinking amounts to anything, and she very rarely smokes. There is really nothing to hinder her except man, and in this country he is no longer very much in her way. What will be the final result? Will she get clear ahead, or, as her hold on man's privileges becomes surer, will she gradually incur her share of his disabilities also, and develop a set of habits that will be a detriment to her as his are to him?

Is there any reason why women drink and smoke so much less than men except that they are still in partial subjection? It may be that all the appetites of the normal woman are less strenuous than those of the normal man, and that woman will continue to be comparatively abstemious even after all her fetters have been shaken off. Meanwhile in London, where she has lately attained to a taste of liberty, she is trying to make up her mind whether to smoke at her club. Is she fit for tobacco? And if not, why not?

Mr. Cleveland may find it convenient to come privately to New York when he comes on private business, but it must not be argued from that that we Americans are not used to look with comparative moderation upon the countenances of our public men. The other day in England the Marquis of Salisbury turned up unexpectedly with his wife and daughter at a railway station in Liverpool. A paragraph in the London *Times* says:

> "The marquis was at the station several minutes, but he was not recognized until his train, the Newcastle express, came up from Lime Street station. Immediately the train was almost deserted, passengers rushing from the carriages to the saloon to see his lordship. Their enthusiastic cheering quickly brought a large number of persons from other platforms, and a large crowd was the result, notwithstanding Lord Salisbury's desire to leave Liverpool without public demonstration. Cheer after cheer was raised, and the marquis acknowledged the compliments by repeatedly raising his hat and bowing from the carriage window. When the signal to start was given, there was a rush of passengers to the carriages they had temporarily vacated."

Except in Washington or New York, it may be that some one is liable to hallo at sight of Mr. Cleveland, but he would hardly prove such an obstruction to travel in Jersey City as Lord Salisbury is in Liverpool.

Mr. Nathan Straus, of this city, reports that he closed his sterilized milk depot on the 18th of November. He did a good business during the summer, his average sales during August being 337 bottles a day. In view of the approach of winter he announces the opening of two coal-yards—one on the pier at the foot of East Third Street, and one on the pier at the foot of Rutgers Street. At either of these yards twenty pounds of coal may be bought for five cents, or four hundred pounds for a dollar. Friends and readers of the WEEKLY who live downtown on the east side, and prefer to buy their coal in small quantities, will find it to their advantage to patronize Mr. Straus's yards. Charitable persons or institutions may buy coal tickets of him for distribution. They are handy things to have in one's flat. When a neighbor comes to borrow a bucket of coal, true courtesy will prompt one to give him a ticket instead, as being easier for him to carry home.

It is remarked in the daily press that "no worthy portrait exists of the eminent physician Sir Andrew Clark, who died the other day."

It might be worse! Among the pictures upstairs in the Art Building at the Chicago Fair were two portraits of eminent surgeons, loaned by a Philadelphia medical school. Both were notable pictures, and one was truly extraordinary. The scene of it is laid on the platform of the operating theatre of the school. The surgeon, enveloped in aprons, has turned from his etherized subject to speak to his young men. His hands are dabbled generously with blood, and he has a smooch of blood on one side of his face, and much more on his apron sleeves. It is a very interesting portrait, but how the good man was induced to let the painter make such a gory guy of him is left unexplained. The average fair-goer who saw that portrait must have felt that the only fit return for the artist's attentions to the surgeon would have been for the surgeon to have dissected the artist. Perhaps Sir Andrew Clark would have had his portrait painted worthily if he could have been sure of being called in afterwards to prescribe for the artist.

The continent of Africa seems to furnish the most impressive existing illustration of the continued prevalence of dull times. The preservation of the native African elephant being under discussion in England, it becomes necessary to go back to the times of Hasdrubal and Hannibal for instances of the training of the native elephant in Africa and his use in the service of man. Since Hannibal's time in northern Africa, and at the other end of the continent since the working of King Solomon's mines, business has been so depressed that there has been no demand for the services of elephants and no attempt worth mentioning to train them.

That a live paragrapher in the daily metropolitan press should think it proper to deny the assertion of another paragrapher that Royal Phelps Carroll is an Englishman, illustrates anew how little there is in a name. It would appear as if when a Carroll of Maryland had been christened "Royal Phelps" he had been sufficiently designated as an American, but it seems that only an uncompromising Democratic name like "Andrew Jackson" or "Edward Murphy" can make the young American sure that his nationality will be recognized at sight.

More Princeton hazers have been indicted, and will probably be convicted and punished. Fines are inadequate retribution for their offence, and imprisonment is unsuitable. Why not sentence them to a football match with a strong team without benefit of umpires?

In the naval officer's letter, extracts from which were given in the WEEKLY last week, about the labors of the *San Francisco* in sinking a lumber-laden derelict, there was a reference (which did not get into print) to the interest excited in the minds of the party from the *San Francisco* who first boarded the derelict by the discovery of a girl's or woman's clothes left behind in the cabin. The torpedo party wondered about those dresses and whose they were. Full information about them appeared in the newspapers on the 16th of November. They belonged to Mrs. R. B. Drisco, of Jonesport, Maine, the bride of Captain Drisco of the schooner *Drisco*, who was on her wedding trip, bound from Charleston to Jamaica, when the hurricane of October 8th dismantled her husband's schooner and filled it with water. The steamship *Mexico*, from New Orleans, picked the Driscos and their crew off the schooner, and carried them to Liverpool; but all the bride's trousseau was left behind. The very clothes she wore away were her husband's wedding suit, put on at his request for the betterment of her chances in the wreck. The Driscos got back from Liverpool on the *Etruria* November 11th, and went home to Maine, where doubtless the new trousseau is in process of construction for the bride. E. S. MARTIN.

AMONG THE MINERS OF WEST VIRGINIA.

MR. PAPE has given us some realistic glimpses of life among the miners in the mountains of West Virginia. It is so gratifying to learn that these toilers beneath the earth's surface are satisfied with their lot and so content in their occupation that they would not change it for any other that these facts must be set forth in the very beginning. To the observer accustomed to different kinds of employment the work seems hard, rough, and uninteresting, and the writer well remembers how, when he has beheld these coal-miners, he has wondered whether life, accompanied by such labor and such surroundings, was at all worth while. When he learned that the miners were content he was more impressed with this than with anything else that he saw. The reason given for this content is more than passing strange, for it was the sameness of the employment and the evenness of the temperature that was found so satisfying. This appears to be an exception proving the truth of the rule that variety is the spice of life. But the content of the miners has other than spoken expression, as it displays itself in a genuine and unquestioning hospitality, as pleasant to see and experience as it is unusual in more crowded communities.

Very naturally the majority of the miners are negroes, but the bosses and foremen are usually white. In building the little mining villages, in which generally live from two hundred to five hundred people, the color line is drawn, for there are always two clusters of houses, one for the white and one for the black. But this is as far as the distinction goes, as there is no jealousy whatever between the races. In each village the company store is the great centre of interest. Here everything the simple miners wish to purchase may be had, and as it is generally the only place in the neighborhood that anything whatever may be purchased, its importance in each community will readily be seen. There is one thing not to be had at these stores—spirituous liquors. In festive moments, therefore, the miners must quench their thirst with plain water or the bubbling pop.

There is one feature of work in the mines that is entirely brutal and repulsive. This is the treatment of the mules that draw the cars before these are caught by the cable. The mules are kept in the mines from Monday morning till Saturday night, and their work there is very dangerous. When a loaded car slips along the incline the only means of keeping it from running over the mule is the hand of the driver, who shoves the mule ahead while holding back the car. Frequently the car goes too fast, and catching the mule, breaks his leg. Negroes are not merciful in the treatment of beasts of burden, and with anything less tough than the hardy mule they are entirely unfit to deal.

At the mine where Mr. Pape made his sketches the miners have a picturesque way of getting down the mountain-side when the day's work is over. They squat on the rails of the inclined plane, and steadying themselves by the rope of the monitor, slowly slide down the track to the tipple below, thus saving a long and tiresome climb down the steep mountain-side. These miners are, by-the-way, very expert in squatting. The low roof of the mines makes it safer and more comfortable to squat than to stand. They therefore easily contract the habit, and in moments of leisure in the outer air they naturally fall into this position so as to be more at ease.

GANSEVOORT MARKET.

GANSEVOORT MARKET, the largest in the metropolis, is a bit of intensely modern city thrust into old Greenwich. All about it are the tangled thoroughfares which give a picturesque character to the west side below Fourteenth Street and still maintain the aspect of an earlier New York. In this part of the city Eleventh Street has no hesitation about running into Fifth, small shopkeepers still reside over their groceries and hardware, and blacksmithing is a fine art. The market itself is as much an intruder in this conservative region as the elevated road, and against it protest all the rows of clean quiet houses which bear on their red fronts the evidence of former greatness and present respectability, all the turf-grown and tree-planted triangular "squares," and all the sleepy streets into which the bustle of Broadway and Sixth Avenue have not penetrated. The market is big and busy. It extends from Little Twelfth Street south to Gansevoort, and from Washington to West—an open square floored with parallel rows of cobble-stone pavement separated by flag-stone walks and lighted with rows of gas and electric lamps. It is as if the Department of Public Works had had a lot of samples of pavement, and had stored them away in this open place until they could be used. Westward from this gridiron of cobble and flag stones are the narrow brick and iron sheds of the butchers, stretching from West Street to Thirteenth Avenue and the river-front. Between them are paved alleys, and their length is bisected by another alley, more ambitiously called Lawton Avenue. These sheds, taken together, are the largest market-house in New York, and as their business is wholesale, they supply the basis of a very large share of the Thanksgiving dinners on Manhattan Island.

These brick and iron houses are perfectly kept, but they do not constitute the picturesque part of the old "Goose-neck Market." That is out in the open square, where carts heaped with vegetables, poultry, and fruit begin to arrive soon after one o'clock in the morning, and where the business of the day begins to be brisk by three. On Friday the preparation for the next morning's trade begins late in the afternoon, and by three o'clock on Saturday morning the observer will forget that anybody finds it necessary to go hungry in New York. The principal purchasers are of course the smaller butchers and grocers. They are on hand early to obtain the best bargains, and they are succeeded by the housekeepers, who find it to their interest to rise at five or six and go to the market instead of dealing with the nearer middle-men. By ten o'clock the business of the day is over and the square is deserted.

The Long Island farmer, waist-deep in a wagon of vegetables and fruit, driving fast bargains with grocers and housewives, is a type characteristic of west-side life, but about as unfamiliar to the rest of the city as the Turk of lower Greenwich Street. The Gansevoort Market has its other characters peculiar to itself. There are the Sisters of Charity, to whom the dealers are uniformly deferential. There are the Italian women and boys, on hand for such damaged vegetables and imperfect fruit as find their way to the pavement. There are the dealers in live poultry, whose cackling wares need no sign to attract the attention of shoppers. Around the square are the eating-houses in which the dealers eat their two-o'clock breakfasts and their seven-o'clock luncheons—little rooms most of them are, with bare tables and an abundance of heat and steaming coffee. Like all eating-houses frequented by butchers, the quality of the meat served is excellent, and the cooking is plain and wholesome. Quantity is not lost sight of in taking care of the quality, for men who rise at midnight and drive many miles to market do not have small appetites. Connected with some of these restaurants are rooms where the early comers retire to recover some of their lost sleep when the opportunity offers; but the majority of the dealers stick to their wagons until their produce is sold, when they drive homeward to Long Island or to New Jersey.

The scene in the big market as the daylight begins to displace the glare of the electric lamps is one of the busiest and most primitive in the city. One is reminded of the fairs to which our remote ancestors brought their produce for barter. All about are the carts heaped with edibles. The owners, clad in long coats and caps well pulled down, are thrashing their arms and stamping their feet to keep warm. Inside the big sheds are enough quarters of beef and hams and carcasses of sheep and lambs and calves and pigs to feed an army. Wagons are driven about, backed against doorways, unloaded, and driven away again. Men are elbowing their way here and everywhere, drivers are shouting, dealers are noisily conversing, there is a cackling of indignant poultry, and through all whistles the north wind, appetizer for all this raw material which to-morrow shall be the food for the great city.

BJORLING'S FATAL VOYAGE.

BY W. E. MEEHAN,

MEMBER OF THE PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

"DISCOVERY OF THE SWEDISH EXPLORERS.

> "DUNDEE, *November 16th*.—Captain McKay, of the whaling vessel *Aurora*, describing the discovery in the arctic regions of the relics of the expedition of Swedish Explorer Bjorling, says that he forced his way through Melville Bay and entered Smith Sound, when, on June 17th, from the masthead of his vessel, the wreck of a schooner was descried on the southeast coast of Carey Island, in latitude 76° 49′, longitude 73° 10′.
>
> "He sent a searching party ashore in charge of Dr. Allen, and they found that the schooner was the *Ripple*. She was lying broadside to the beach, and was almost encased in ice. In addition to the cairns which were found, the party came across a trunk which contained instruments, notes, and diaries, all of which were forwarded to the Swedish authorities. There was also found a letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Harvey, Newfoundland, which was forwarded to that gentleman."

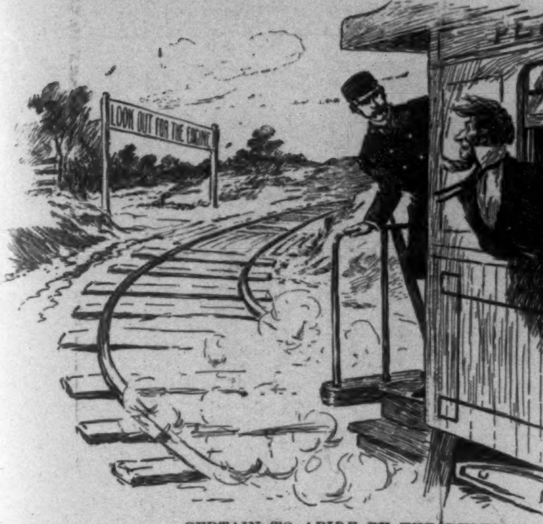
There can now be no doubt whatever that the daring young Swedish explorer Bjorling and his few companions have met their death in the great arctic wilderness; the evidence to that effect is too conclusive. Thus another tragedy has been added to the long list which stains the pages of north polar history, in this case the more painful since the two principals were scarcely out of their boyhood, and their careers had given bright promise of future greatness. The announcement made that Captain McKay, of the whaling vessel *Aurora*, had found, on June 17th, relics of the ill-fated expedition on Carey Island, in 76° 49′ north latitude, was calculated to excite some surprise, for few even in scientific circles knew that such a man had been carrying on an exploration in the North waters. For all that, it was one of the most daring adventures of the century, surpassing in foolhardiness the attempts made by various persons to cross the Atlantic in small open boats. That it was not more widely known was probably due to the fact that in the first instance it was overshadowed by the Heilprin expedition to the relief of Lieutenant Peary, which sailed about the same time, and forgotten in the excitement caused by the gallant achievements of the last-named explorer on the great interior ice-fields of Greenland.

A few of the incidents connected with the voyage of the *Ripple*, Bjorling's boat, from the time it left the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, to the period when its human freight was last seen alive by civilized man, are known to the writer, and from them it is easy to imagine that that portion of the journey alone would fill the pages of as thrilling a novel as was ever written.

Bjorling, the chief hero of the tragedy, was, at the time he started on his foolhardy venture, barely twenty-one years old, but, young as he was, he had had experience in arctic work. He was a favorite pupil of Dr. Nordenskjöld, and had accompanied him on a voyage to the polar regions a few years before. On this occasion he bore himself so bravely that the great explorer arranged to take him on the expedition to the antarctics, which was scheduled for last summer, but postponed.

The young Swede was a student in one of his home universities, and there he applied himself with such diligence that, in the winter of 1891-2, he won a money prize offered by an enthusiast in geographical research. The amount was small—not more, it is said, than $500—but under one of the conditions on which it was awarded, its expenditure in travel was obligatory. This suited Bjorling, and he elected to make a summer journey to North Greenland, for the purpose of studying the plants and insects of the shores of Smith Sound, together with the smaller marine life of its waters. A friend—a fellow-student—decided to accompany him, and the two sailed for St. Johns, Newfoundland, where they arrived some time during the month of May, 1892.

At first Bjorling endeavored to hire a vessel to take him


LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE
F. T. RICHARDS

CERTAIN TO ABIDE BY THE RULES.

CONDUCTOR. "What do you mean by climbing half-way out of the window?"
PASSENGER. "Waal, we just passed a sign readin', 'Look out for the engine,' an' the ticket says passengers hev ter comply with all the rules of the road, so I was looking out for it."

on his voyage, but failing in this, was driven to seek one by purchase, and finally became the owner of the *Ripple*, a schooner of less than one hundred tons. Besides the perilous smallness of the craft, it was said to be very old, and otherwise totally unfit. Nevertheless, undismayed by this, the young man and his friend continued their preparations, at every step beset by difficulties. The crew of the *Ripple* utterly refused to sail with the new owner, and sailor after sailor in St. Johns declined to go. At length, after nearly five weeks' work, a man was found willing to captain the boat; a German, who knew very little English, to act as mate; a Newfoundland fisherman as sailor; and a French Canadian, who was familiar with no language other than his own, as cook.

By this time most of Bjorling's money was exhausted. What remained availed to purchase but a meagre supply of food; a barrel or two of biscuit, a like quantity of salt pork, some crackers, tea and coffee, and a few odds and ends comprised the bulk of the food supply. There was not a gun or pistol provided, nor, in fact, a weapon of any kind, unless four or five fish-hooks discovered accidentally in the sailor's kit a few days after they sailed might be called such. Even in cooking and food utensils the party was wofully deficient; a teakettle, a few tin plates and spoons, some knives and forks, it is said, comprised about all the stock.

In this death-inviting manner the party left the port of St. Johns about June 25th, leaving word that they would make for Carey Island, and a request that the Peary Relief Expedition would on its upward and return voyages call there for word of them. This request, unfortunately, through the long search for John M. Verhoeff, of the Peary party, who was lost in a crevasse of a glacier in Robertson Bay, and through other causes, it was impossible to comply with.

For the first week after leaving St. Johns everything went smoothly with the Bjorling party. Then the cook exhibited signs of insanity. Fortunately it was of a mild type, and he caused little trouble, other than a refusal to work steadily, and that he set the teakettle to leaking. A little later the mate also gave evidence of an unbalanced mind, and instead of performing his duties, spent the greater part of his time in bewailing his fate and in weeping. Then they came upon the field ice, and for days the rickety little schooner struggled in the dangerous field, their position rendered more perilous by heavy fogs and the two mind-clouded seamen. Finally, however, the *Ripple* got beyond the pack and into clear water, but with the two explorers and the two well seamen utterly exhausted by the almost uninterrupted work and the loss of sleep entailed by the danger. For three or four nights in succession the wheel was lashed, and all on board gave themselves up to slumber, leaving the vessel to take care of itself. Fortunately the weather was fine and icebergs scarce, so that no accident happened. Little by little also the two men who had lost their reason began to recover, under the effects of the midnight sun, and by the time Godhavn, on the island of Disco, was reached they were almost entirely well.

The *Ripple* entered the little harbor of Godhavn about the 26th of July, some ten days after the steamer *Kite*, with the Peary Relief Expedition on board, had departed. Bjorling and his friends were received kindly by the Lieutenant-Governor, and when he found what straits they were in, he strongly urged them to abandon their adventure, but without avail. They expressed themselves as confident of successfully accomplishing their plans, which they unfolded. Their idea was, they stated, to proceed through Melville Bay to Carey Island, and thence northward as far as the ice would permit. On their return voyage they intended to leave the *Ripple* at Waigat Strait, the northern end of Disco Island, and cross the ice cap to Godhavn, and there rejoin the schooner for the homeward trip, which they expected would be about September 1st.

When Mr. Carstens, the Lieutenant-Governor, found he could not prevail on the two young men to give up their mad expedition, he insisted on loaning them a musket, and gave them a quantity of powder, shot, and ball; and while he did not say so, there is no doubt he gave them substantial assistance in other ways. Two days later they sailed away, leaving behind them the teakettle, which they had brought ashore to be mended. That was the last seen of the two explorers and their crew alive, and nothing more was known about them until Captain McKay arrived at Dundee with the intelligence of his heart-rending find on the southeast coast of Carey Island.

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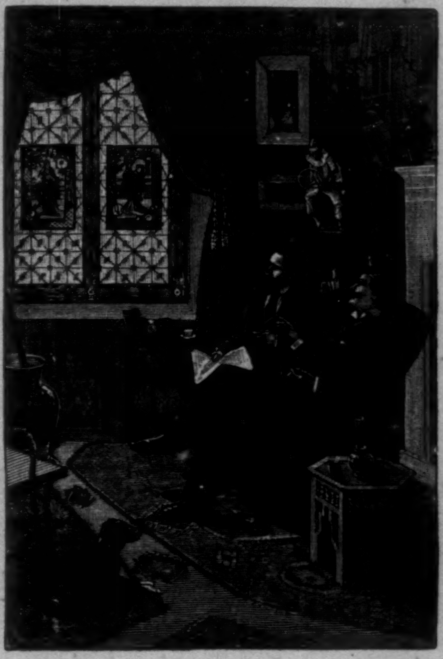

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THE BRIDGE PLAZA IN BROOKLYN.

THE bridge over the East River between New York and Brooklyn is the most important public monument and interesting engineering achievement in the United States. The traffic over this bridge has grown so rapidly that the facilities for handling passengers in comfort and safety during the morning and evening hours have never been equal to the demand. The entrances have never been what they should be, and a passenger from either Brooklyn or New York gets no adequate idea of the magnitude of the structure until past the gates and well on the bridge itself. Provision has been made to remedy this to a certain extent in New York by the widening of Elm Street and tearing away some of the old buildings thereabouts. On the Brooklyn side something like two millions of dollars were spent in acquiring land for a plaza. The railroads in Brooklyn terminating at the bridge entrance have taken advantage of this plaza, and quietly received permission to lay their tracks on the surface of this plaza and above it, until the whole of it and the air just above would be filled with confusing net-works of street and elevated tracks. To put the plaza to this use would defeat entirely the purpose for which it was acquired. More than this, these railroads have not engaged to pay a penny for the privilege of using this valuable public property. Some time ago there was a picture in this paper showing how the plaza would look when all of these railroads had carried out their plans. "It will make the plaza," said an eminent citizen of Brooklyn, "look like a great box with the cover off."

Not a few observers of municipal affairs as conducted in Brooklyn are persuaded that Brooklyn has the worst city government in the country, and that the bad state of affairs has lasted so long that anything like civic pride and feeling has been all but crushed out. The president of the Board of Bridge Trustees gave corroborative evidence of the truth of this conclusion when he told a committee of citizens that had called to protest against the railroad occupation of the plaza that it was the first time in his long official connection with the bridge that any citizens had taken the trouble to give their views on bridge matters. He spoke of his pleasure in seeing that "the people had been aroused from their Rip Van Winkle sleep."

It is much more than likely that the vigorous and intelligent protest of these citizens of Brooklyn will be effective. The leaders of this seldom-aroused public opinion did not go to the bridge trustees—who are public, and to a great extent political, officers—with merely a loud and angry protest, but they carried with them a practical plan to be used instead of the one that the railroad companies had caused to be adopted. They did not pretend that the present facilities for entrance and exit were adequate, but insisted, like practical men and good citizens, that the public property should not be given over to the use of private corporations so long as private property could be secured which would answer the purpose and enable these private corporations to serve the public which had created them. There is a lesson in the method of this committee worth the consideration of citizens everywhere. The average protestant, the habitual reformer, more frequently than not, has nothing to offer save his protest; nothing to propose in the place of that which does not meet his approbation. And for this reason the practical political administrator, who must be always doing something to justify his existence, goes on in his own way, whether that way be good or bad, wise or foolish.

Professor Bryce, in his profound work on the *American Commonwealth*, affirmed that public opinion always had its way in the end in the United States. In our impatience at the long continuance of public wrongs we are sometimes led to fear that Professor Bryce took a too cheerful view of democratic government, and did not realize how tenacious was the hold of the political bosses and demagogues on public affairs. But he is really right. Genuine public opinion does always have its way in the end. There was a notable instance a little while ago in New York, when the politicians of Tammany Hall resolved to have a trotting-track in Central Park. The public spoke with vigor and determination, and the obnoxious law was repealed with a haste that indicated not only respect but fear of public opinion. And this protest against the giving away of the plaza at the Brooklyn end of the bridge is likely to lead to similar results, and prove another illustration of the fact that the people, aroused and united in a good cause, will always have their own way. The political bosses, the encroachers on public rights and property, the speculators in public franchises, the bargainers for public office and acts of legislation, are always in league and always on duty; but the people against whom these public enemies conspire can always secure and hold their own by being united and vigilant in opposition to everything that is wrong and corrupt. The recent election in Brooklyn has taught both bosses and people this useful lesson.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

AMATEVR - SPORT

Writing of Princeton's chances of winning from Yale on Thanksgiving day, before the Harvard-Yale game at Springfield, it is impossible, of course, to estimate to just how high a degree of excellence the Yale eleven has been brought in these last days of practice. Besides which the seasoning of the Harvard game, and of the Pennsylvania game before it, must be considered as making the Yale eleven the most thoroughly experienced team that has ever played on Manhattan Field. It is this that in my judgment has made the two more nearly matched than any Yale and Princeton teams have been for the past five years. Two weeks ago I should unhesitatingly have called Princeton the winner of the Thanksgiving-day game; at this writing (November 24th), with the Harvard game intervening, I still believe the odds are in favor of Princeton winning, though I feel it will be one of the hardest struggles the two colleges have ever had on the gridiron field.

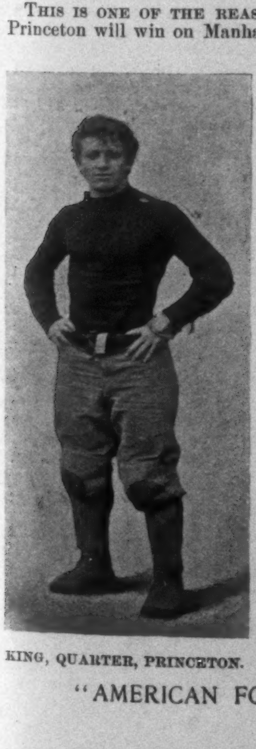
CAPTAIN TRENCHARD, RIGHT END, PRINCETON.

One reason for my belief is the superior physical condition of Princeton; not that the absurd rumors of Yale's poor condition are to be credited in the slightest degree. The Yale eleven is just as good physically as ever it was, which means the best; but I think I have never seen men in just such fine condition as the Princeton players are this year, and it seems to me that the system of training that is answerable for it should be studied by the other colleges. I have before questioned the policy of driving men at their work until they become enduring—yes, but lifeless, or, more correctly speaking, have lost their ginger.

A man may be trained so hard, kept at his work so constantly, that mind and body resent the monotony, just as would the stomach if fed on one dish incessantly and generously. Now an athlete who is trained in this manner can go on to the field and play long and hard and with as much life as the average, but when it comes to calling on that man for a spurt, he must respond with perhaps harder play, but not sharper. The other and more advanced method of training is to drive men just as hard while they are working, but not to keep them at it so long—to vary and save it from becoming drudgery, to put a man in such condition that he is always "on his toes." The difference between two men trained on these two systems would be apparent in the ginger one would have and the other lack. Two lines might be of equal strength, but the one would be moving while the other was thinking of it.

It is a perfectly simple matter to understand; the muscles of the one have lost their elasticity, while those of the other have acquired the strength without sacrificing the elasticity. Both the Harvard and Yale teams have been trained on the continuous-drive plan this year, as usual, though Harvard did let up some in the last ten days, and the benefit will be seen at Springfield. Princeton has adopted the more advanced method, and so has Pennsylvania to some extent, at least I judge so from the latter's work. The old style of training, when men were kept on a raw-beef diet and the life worked out of them, has passed away, but there are relics of it yet remaining, and they too will be gone inside of two years.

The clearest object-lesson on the value of the new as against the old was given by the Boston Athletic Association team when it played the Harvard 'Varsity. The Boston Athletic Association men only practise three times a week; they are chiefly business men, and do not have a regular training-table. Yet they were strong enough to play just as hard as Harvard, and so much snappier that the Harvard men were as dray horses to polo ponies in comparison.


KING, QUARTER, PRINCETON.

This is one of the reasons, therefore, why I believe Princeton will win on Manhattan Field—that their ginger has not been worked out of them; and I think the close observer will distinguish it in the play of the whole team, but especially in the forwards. Now, of course, "ginger" does not win games, though it is a large factor in the combination, and were this Princeton's only feature on which to base a hope of victory, it would be rather cold comfort to her undergraduates and *alumni*. But it is not the only basis for hope; there are many others that appeal strongly and unanswerably to the Princeton mind; but to me, an unprejudiced on-looker, there loom up these two—a stronger defensive game, and offensive play that is nearly if not quite as strong as Yale's.

It seems hardly likely that Yale can keep Princeton from scoring, and if Princeton scores, they ought to win, for it looks as if their very strong defensive game would be proof against Yale's most determined and skilful efforts to cross the orange and black goal-line. I fully expect Yale to have more skilful and more strategic offensive plays, but I shall be considerably surprised if four times out of five they are not broken up by the Princeton forwards before accomplishing a great deal. It was the great work of the Princeton line that won the game against Pennsylvania, the muddy condition of the field, together, of course, with Penn's sharp work, not permitting of any end plays behind interference. If they could successfully withstand the Pennsylvania rushes that afterwards carried the ball straight through Yale, half the length of Manhattan Field for a touch-down, there is every reason to believe they will hold Yale on all the ordinary plays. But holding Yale on her ordinary plays will not keep the blue from scoring, unless Princeton is also equal to her extraordinary plays or tricks. These undoubtedly will test the Princeton forwards, but I am inclined to believe them equal to the occasion, from their especial skill in breaking through, and from the fact that Princeton has seen Yale in two games where they have been obliged to play the hardest they knew how, certainly so at Springfield, and very nearly so against Pennsylvania. Of course there will be tricks reserved for Princeton, but Yale's general play under most trying conditions will have been revealed.

LEA, RIGHT TACKLE, PRINCETON.

Considering the defensive play of the two elevens then, the balance is certainly in favor of Princeton. Now the question is, has Princeton developed a team that can score on Yale. For the last two years they have played a strong defensive game against Yale, but shown very little progress in offensive play. Still it must be remembered that Princeton has been developing a team these last three years, and that after their star combination of '89 they were left with scarcely a man—in reality only two, I think, who knew the game well; neither Yale nor Harvard has been so handicapped.

This year there has been more improvement at Princeton in offensive play than in the past two. They have developed an excellent system of interference, and a team game such as Princeton never had. Nor has either Harvard or Yale ever been represented by eleven men among whom there is more thorough feeling of fellowship and team sentiment on and off the field than exists in the Princeton eleven this year. This must and does count on the football field. They have some good plays, and I shall be surprised if they do not score with them.

BALLIETT, CENTRE, PRINCETON.

On the personnel of the Yale team I have already commented, and those who see the Springfield game will know as much as I do by the time this issue is in their hands. Taking the men individually, there is not such a great difference between the two lines at any position, except at Princeton's right guard, where Wheeler outclasses any man playing this year. Lea, right tackle, will also, I think, prove to be a better man than his *vis-à-vis*, whether it be Murphy or Beard.

There will not be much choice between the two captains, Hinkey and Trenchard, who will face each other; and on the other end Greenway is probably a bit better than Brown, though the latter has improved greatly since the Pennsylvania game—in fact, has been putting up a very strong game; he is in every play, is very strong, and a hard tackler; his chief failing is slowness in getting down the field, and realizing this he often makes the greater mistake of starting too soon. At centre Balliett is certainly a more experienced and more skilful man than Stillman; he is about twenty pounds lighter, but like Lewis of Harvard, though not his equal, he combines skill, head, and strength to the best purpose. Last year, however, Balliett let Stillman get through him and block a kick, that resulted in a touch-down, and the Princeton centre should remember that this year, and keep up to his best at all times. Taylor at left guard has become so good a man that I should say he and Hickok will be about evenly matched. Balliett, Taylor, Wheeler, and King are simply one piece of the Princeton machine, and work together better than the similar piece of either Yale or Harvard—better than the latter because it lacks such a fourth as King.

TAYLOR, LEFT GUARD, PRINCETON.

Lea and Trenchard work together finely, and never conflict nor, what is quite as important, hesitate; if Lea breaks up a play, Trenchard downs the runner; and if Trenchard cuts in and breaks it, Lea is always there, even if he has to go to the outside, as he did in the Pennsylvania game, and never fails to get his man. The left side, tackle and end, accomplish nearly as much, though they do not work together so well. Individually they are strong, and for this very reason each relies a little too much on his own powers, which might be fatal in a trick being sent for them. Holly is twice the player he was last year; he no longer spends his time wrestling with the man opposite, but follows the ball, keeps on side, and tackles low; it will be an exceptionally strong play that will get through him.

HOLLY, LEFT TACKLE, PRINCETON.

Behind the line, except at full-back, Princeton is as strong as Yale, and if the balance in King's favor over any quarter Yale can put in is weighed against Butterworth's punting and line-bucking, the strength of the two teams seems about equal. Morse is better than Armstrong or Thorne or any other Yale back outside of Butterworth, with whom he divides honors in line-bucking and outshines in around-the-end runs. Ward is certainly up to Armstrong—I should prefer him on a team—and as serviceable as Thorne. Blake, who will be Princeton's full-back, earned his right to the place in the Pennsylvania game, where he did not get rattled, and showed he had heart, and could punt a hard ball to handle in any weather. As substitute backs, McCauley has been making a good plunging runner to send into the line, and Barnett, for a light quick man, is one of the best on the field. Then there is King, who goes back when the other side kicks, and thus combines quarter and half back play as no man ever did before. He has been able to make some good gains after a catch. His work at quarter is the best of the year, and the most puzzling to the other side. He never signals that he is ready, as so many quarters do, by touching the centre; he simply places his hands in a certain position, and so soon as Balliett sees that through his legs, he pays no more attention to King, but, after a quick glance to see that the line, especially his guards, are in position, he snaps back the ball.

These, then, are my reasons for believing that Princeton will win on Thanksgiving day: a line that can never be blocked securely, that is almost impregnable on the defensive, and offensive work that while probably not so varied in its skill as Yale's, will be made, nevertheless, equally as effective by being backed up better by their forwards.

The other Thanksgiving day game between Harvard and University of Pennsylvania will probably not be so close, for I hardly expect Pennsylvania to play so desperately as they did against Princeton, nor so skilfully as against Yale. And yet there is no particular reason why they should not, except that they were on edge in both those games, and no team can remain at that point for two weeks. On the other hand, neither do I expect Harvard to play so strong a game as she will show at Springfield, especially if they have beaten Yale. Pennsylvania will play a hard game, however, and one that will keep Harvard busy defending her goal. It is hardly likely U. of P. will score.

Cornell was hardly strong enough to give Pennsylvania much more than good practice, and this probably, combined with the fact that the men had passed the "on edge" period, made them somewhat careless in their play. Whatever the cause, it was considerably behind the standard they set in the Princeton and Yale games. There was a great deal of fumbling by the backs, and much loose work in the line. Osgood made some very pretty runs, as did Brooke.

Cornell's play this season has not been up to that of last year nor even the year before.

The West Point-Annapolis game on Saturday next is certain to show the highest development of football yet reached by the army and navy cadets. Never have they had so much coaching, with Laurie Bliss at West Point and John Hartwell at Annapolis, and the former has been reinforced the last week by Harmon Graves. Judged by the games each has played, it looks as if the West Point eleven is equal in skill to Annapolis, and enough heavier to have their weight throw the balance in their favor. But, as a matter of fact, the situation was practically the same last year, though the naval cadets will not have the advantage in skill this year they had in '92. West Point is certainly strong, twice as strong as last year, and Annapolis must show a better defensive game than they have yet to keep the army from ploughing their way through to victory.

WHEELER, RIGHT GUARD, PRINCETON.

It is very difficult to comment dispassionately on the revelations that have recently been made touching the *personnel* of the Exeter Academy football eleven. Never has this department

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—(With Chapter on Team-Play.)—By Walter Camp.—Illustrated.—Price $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.

been called upon to consider a question that concerns so vitally the very foundation of amateur sport. Never have I been more earnest in declaring those who are responsible for this scandal to have disgraced honest, clean sport, and dishonored Exeter. The methods exposed for winning a game by this, one of the leading preparatory schools of the country, are simply shocking, and I ask what is to become of our college sport if the preparatory academies are to become training-schools for such practices.

The charge against Exeter is that three of the members of this year's eleven that recently met and defeated Andover were in no sense of the word representative scholars, that they were at Exeter to play football only, that all three—Donovan, Leahy, and Bias—left immediately after the game, and that at least two, Donovan and Leahy, are and were professionals.

Donovan, who is twenty-four years of age, is the well-known professional athlete "Pouch" Donovan, so called, who is said to have been with Barnum's circus in '91 and '92, and has made Worcester, Massachusetts, his abiding-place off and on, training teams, running with hook-and-ladder companies' teams, and engaging in other similar sprints after the almighty dollar.

Leahy, who played guard, is twenty-nine years of age, and is reported as having had many varied experiences turning an honest penny.

I have given the ages of these men and a little detail to show just how apparent must have been their mission at a prep. school where the boys average from twelve to fifteen and sixteen years of age.

WITH WHOM RESTS THE RESPONSIBILITY of this? Obviously, the football management was not averse to winning from Andover by such means, but the responsibility of the whole business must be placed upon the principal and his teachers, for they must have been aware of the mission of Donovan and Leahy at Exeter. Nor does this seem to be the only case against the Exeter faculty. Some four years ago, if I remember correctly, I had occasion to call their attention to a similar one; and now, while again on the subject, I want to submit for their explanation the following charges, which have been sent into this department. If they are faulty in any particular, we should be glad to make correction.

These charges are: that

Howe, who played on the baseball team in June, '91, left his employment in Spencer, Massachusetts, for a "consideration," as he himself openly said, to play ball at Exeter.

Thomas, a member of the football team of '91, returned to Exeter as a graduate student in the fall of '92, and captained the team to victory in the game against Andover. He left the Exeter Academy directly after the game, and entered the University of Pennsylvania, where, it is said, he had matriculated before returning to Exeter for the brief football season.

Powers, catcher on the Exeter baseball nine of '93, was protested by the Andover management on the strength of conclusive evidence that he had played baseball for money upon a professional team in Northampton, Massachusetts.

The protest was not allowed, but the evidence was so positive, and the rules under which the athletic games between the two academies were held so stringent upon this very phase of professionalism, that the Andover School unanimously endorsed the action of the baseball nine and management in declining to play the game with Powers upon the opposing side. The game was not played, and the athletic games of the same season were likewise cancelled, Powers also being a member of the athletic team. The Exeter faculty had emphatically endorsed Powers as a *bona fide* student of exceptional cleanliness in athletic standing, free from any taint of professionalism. He was elected captain of the '94 baseball team, but this autumn was refused admission to the school, the faculty having learned of his imposition upon them.

Twombly played football the season of '92, and left soon after the game. This fall he is back, and played on the team against Andover.

Richards was solicited by the Exeter students or management, or other representatives of the school, to leave his employment in Sawyer's mill, at Dover, New Hampshire, to play on the baseball team of '93, as he himself stated during the past summer, and appears again this fall on the Exeter football team.

I HAVE HAD A GOOD BIT TO SAY on this matter, and gone into more detail than perhaps the average reader will care for, because I consider the purity of athletics at our schools among our boys to concern us more nearly than in the universities. As the boy is at school so will he be at college; as at college, so in after-life. If he begins on dishonest principles, where will he end? If the seeds of professionalism are sown at schools, how shall we ever keep them from taking root at the colleges? This striving for victory by fair means or foul, such as Exeter has just been found guilty of doing, is a menace to amateur sport, a menace to the moral tone of our boys and young men. Let every father join with us in insisting on honesty in sport, for on it rests all our hopes of purity in college athletics. The least Exeter can do now is to signify her willingness to call that game off.

And before I leave the subject, I wish to protest against the playing of teachers on school-boy teams. It is dangerous to the boys from a physical point of view, and oftentimes harmful to the athletic morale of the school, since it leaves a loophole for the engagement of well-known football players as teachers.

YALE DEFEATED HARVARD, 6-0, at Springfield last Saturday. It was the most decisive victory, to my way of looking at it, the blue has ever won over the crimson. Not in the size of the score, nor in its being unquestioned, but in their obviously superior knowledge of football, and their ability to use it under any and all conditions. It was a battle between new-fangled theories, exploited by men not up to their best form in an uphill game, and good straight football by players who could and did grit their teeth and stand steady under the most withering charges, to take advantage of the least weakness in their opponents.

Of course these latter won, as they will always under similar conditions. Given two men of equal skill and endurance, the one who comes of the class that "die in the last ditch" will invariably prove the winner. There was no lacking of courage in Harvard's eleven, taking the men individually, but as a team their inability to rally round the colors, and play just as hard and effectively as they knew how at critical moments, had become painfully apparent by the time Yale had driven the ball to their ten-yard line on the road to a touch-down.

IT IS THE SAME OLD HARVARD FAILING that I was mistaken in thinking last week had been worked out of the men this year—it's not the fault of the players; the trouble rests with the coaches, and largely, too, with the general undergraduate body. That dogged determination to win is not driven into the men by the coaches, and the student body is apathetic in its support at all times and moribund in the face of adversity. During the intermission of the halves at Springfield the Harvard coaches, I am informed, told their men they had done well, and that to keep it up in the second half meant victory. There are individuals on Harvard's team to whom it would be safe, probably, to talk in such a way; but no eleven ever played football that could stand being made satisfied with its work. On the other hand, the Yale coaches during that intermission criticised and exhorted their team, calling on it for better and harder work.

The result was apparent to the most casual observer of those thirty thousand spectators on Hampden Park when the two teams began play in the second half. Harvard's attitude was that of a very comfortable feeling over their work with no especial apprehension of the result. Yale's spoke of a determination to redeem themselves. They banged away at Harvard, and the latter was never able to recover its equilibrium.

Again, the cheering of Yale was even stronger while their team was being outplayed in the first half than during its triumphant march through the second. Harvard's cheering, weak during the first half, grew fainter and fainter in the second, and died away altogether towards the last. After the game I stood watching the Harvard eleven file off the field, broken in spirit and sore in body, with hardly a fellow-student to grasp their hands in the silent grip which in adversity means so much between men. But they went out through the gate alone, and I made up my mind as my eyes followed the retreating players that Harvard would never be victorious until something of that spirit which makes winners at New Haven had put in an appearance at Cambridge.

THE STORY OF THE GAME IS SHORTLY TOLD. Yale for the fourth consecutive year won the toss, and took the west goal, from which the wind was blowing pretty stiffly. Harvard opened with an improved flying wedge, following it with several varieties of the Deland flying interference, all of which were good for gains that grew smaller and smaller as the Yale men began to diagnose them. If they had not fumbled the ball, probably they might have scored before Yale had sized up the new plays, but after carrying it down to Yale's ten-yard line they fumbled and lost it, and were never so near that goal line again. The first half consisted in Harvard working the ball into Yale's territory, only to lose it when Butterworth, aided by the wind, would punt it well towards Harvard' goal, once or twice within five or ten yards. But once the wind aided Harvard, when Butterworth tried for a field goal. Harvard was using her flying interference all this time, and for small gains. They were not trying the ends, and using straight football plays only occasionally, though it was noticeable that they made as good gains with them than with those of the Deland school. All through this half Harvard's defensive game was magnificent. Notwithstanding the heavy wind that was giving Yale plenty of aid in her punts (which Harvard backs were judging poorly) and resting her men, the crimson was outplaying her rival, her forwards were blocking securely, and better than breaking through, Yale's line standing stiffer than it was expected it would.

The game was slow all through this forty-five minutes, Harvard seeming to be so surcharged with complex tricks as to necessitate a secret conference every few plays.

At the end of the first half neither had scored, and one felt, as the teams went off the field for the fifteen minutes' rest, that with Harvard's defence so strong Yale could hardly get through to score, while it was evident that Harvard's Deland school was more showy than effective, and that they must use straight football to cross the Yale goal-line.

WHEN THE TEAMS LINED UP for the second half, the very first play showed their dispositions. Yale determined to win. Harvard, resting on her oars, so to speak, in the easy confidence the coaches had inspired. But the way Yale struck that Harvard line on the first play ought to have convinced the crimson that "the men opposite were not of the kind to be content with doing their best." By the time Harvard did become aroused it was too late, and without losing the ball, in twelve downs and four minutes' time, Yale with the simplest plays, on tackle and centre, drove Harvard straight back from the centre of the field, and Butterworth scored the only touch-down of the game. For a few plays, until Waters was laid up and obliged to leave the field, Harvard appeared to make an effort to stem the current, but they were relying largely on the Deland school flying interference which had become rather easy for Yale to stop without gain, and their "great" defensive game had disappeared altogether. From the time Waters went off the field, to use a bit of slang, Yale simply "played horse" with Harvard, hitting the crimson line at almost every point, and sending Thorne and Butterworth through for gains every time. Harvard stuck blindly to the Deland school, trying a straight play now and then and for gains; curiously enough they kicked very little, and that little was not very good, Brewer showing up far below his form of last year in every respect. Moreover, the men seemed tired, and no wonder, for the continuous use of those flying plays would have used up a man with internal machinery wound up for twenty-four hours. Yale seemed a bit tired also, but they kept pounding away, showing a snap that was as refreshing to the onlookers as it was deadly to Harvard. The ball was never in Yale's territory but twice during the entire half, showing how little Harvard thought of kicking, and then it did not remain there long. Twice it seemed as if Yale must score again, but desperate individual work by Harvard kept the blue from making another touch-down. And time was called after a long high punt by Brewer to the centre, just as Yale had started to work the ball toward the Harvard goal, and had it ten yards on the way.

TAKING THE MEN INDIVIDUALLY, there were some surprises for those who believed the Harvard centre much stronger than Yale's. Harvard was doing so much flying work in the first half that both tackles and a guard were out of the line almost as much as they were in it. Every one of the forwards on both sides played a strong game, and in the first half there was little to choose. Newell broke through once and downed Armstrong in his tracks, about the only brilliant breaking through of Harvard's forwards, of whom we had reason to expect more. Newell and Emmons both got through once again in the first half and downed Murphy. For Yale, Beard and Hickok were breaking through Manahan and Acton, neither one of whom was up to his Yale *vis-à-vis*. Adee at quarter was doing great tackling, and in the second half went through Acton whenever he chose. Both Hinkey and, with one exception, Greenway were playing a strong game, and the Yale captain had no difficulty in dissolving the flying interference whenever it came his way. Generally speaking, however, there was little difference between the men in the first half, but in the second the Harvard line was pierced from one end to the other, Newell and Lewis seeming to be the least vulnerable points.

YALE WENT THROUGH MANAHAN AND ACTON at will, and swept around Emmons for some good gains towards the last of that disastrous half. Of the Harvard men, I should say Lewis from first to last played the best game; his work at centre is always remarkable, and was no less so Saturday when he got down the field on kicks about as soon as the ends. Mackie probably played a stronger game than his opposite, McCrea, though the latter went through him for a blocked kick, but not enough so to make the Yale guard appear weak. Hickok played around Acton, as did Beard with Manahan. Newell and Murphy were very evenly matched, the latter playing a wonderfully strong game for his first. Greenway's play at right end was the best he has ever shown, and Yale may be said to have two star ends. Emmons was in every play, but did not seem so effective in breaking up interference as last year. Stephenson opposite Hinkey had a hard place for a new man to fill, but, taking their experience into consideration, he did better than Emmons. Stillman played finely; he was against the most skilful centre in the country, and need not be ashamed of his work, which was the best he has yet done. Adee played all around Beale, who, however, did well, considering his inexperience. Harvard was unquestionably weak at quarter.

Yale's backs outshone Harvard's; Thorne playing the game of his life, certainly proved himself more valuable than Armstrong, though the latter made good gains, and blocked a kick of Brewer's. Butterworth, however, was Yale's trump card, and the way he went through Harvard was worth going to Springfield to see. He is nothing short of a wonder at line-breaking. Brewer did not play the game he did last year, partly because he was not sent in the good old straight football way, and partly because he has evidently fallen off in his form; his kicking was far below last year. Wrightington chiefly distinguished himself in fumbling Butterworth's kicks, which lost his side many yards, though he did make the longest gain, fifteen yards, Harvard got in the entire game, and bucked the line as well as Brewer. Waters was the chief interferer of the flying tricks, and was very effective in the first half, but his injured leg kept him from doing his best some time before he finally retired from the field. But even he did not make the gains through the line in the new way he used to when sent with the ball on the old plan.

IT DOES NOT TAKE A VERY EXPERT OBSERVER to point out Harvard's chief difficulty at Springfield last Saturday. She had too many tricks and too little of straight football. It looked precisely as if they had counted entirely on winning the game by their Deland tricks, and had left straight football almost out of the consideration. This was apparent in their play throughout the game. Even when they did try straight football the men showed by their work how persistently they had been trained in the new school. It is not possible to give a team as much work in a new system as Harvard's eleven showed it had had on the Deland plays without unfitting them to a material extent for the regular style of game.

It has been a clear case with Harvard of forsaking the substance for the shadow, for, after all, the Deland tricks are not so strong as the ordinary and regular plays, as Yale clearly demonstrated on Saturday. The flying interference became of simple solution by merely letting the interferers through, and nailing the runner when he came along. That it was not so effective as the regular play was proved by even Harvard, who made more gains when they resorted to straight football, though they showed they were somewhat rusty; why they did no more of it is hard to say, unless they had lent themselves so trustfully to the belief in the success of the new school that they were bewildered when the illusion was dispelled. Bewildered, indeed, seems to be the proper qualification of Harvard in the second half.

Certain it is they did not play as good football as last year, nor make so close a fight with Yale, notwithstanding the fact of the score being the same. Had one supposed they were going to depend on Deland tricks to win the game from Yale, there would have been no thought of their winning. With the defensive line they showed in the first half and with straight football the odds would be in their favor, though experience has shown that a Harvard team is not reliable, and may go to pieces under a "facer," as did this one last Saturday. No Harvard eleven will ever win from Yale on the kind of tricks they showed at Springfield; they are much easier to diagnose than most of the regular plays, besides wearing men out. It is a lot of work to accomplish very little. Really, the Deland flying wedge, the forerunner of all this flying interference and such momentum plays, has done more harm than good—for it is one of the first features of the present game we must eliminate by legislation next year, along with a modification of these mass plays. Harvard had best go back to good straight football, and build up such a school, rather than casting about for a fetich to carry her to success.

It was a great game, an absolutely clean game, hard playing without "slugging," and one that showed the magnificent quality of Yale teams in a fight to a finish. Harvard needs some of the Yale pluck.

In the light of Yale's play the Thanksgiving-day game seems the more uncertain. Princeton, however, is not likely to go to pieces as did Harvard, and although the struggle will be close and hard, Princeton does seem to have a shade the better of it, notwithstanding Yale is Yale and mighty hard to beat.

Year.	YALE. Captain.	Score.	Score.	HARVARD. Captain.
1886	Corwin	29	4	Brooks.
1887	Beecher	17	8	Holden.
*1888	Corbin	0	0	Sears.
1889	Gill	6	0	Cumnock.
1890	Rhodes	6	12	Cumnock.
1891	McClung	10	0	B. W. Trafford.
1892	McCormick	6	0	B. W. Trafford.
1893	Hinkey	6	0	Waters.

* Forfeited to Yale.

In 1891, Yale scored 461 points to none by her opponents, and Harvard 522 to 14 by her opponents. In 1892, Yale scored 447 to 0, and Harvard 365 to 36. This year, Yale has scored 336 to 6, and Harvard 386 to 5 up to date.

The Western University Association football championship will have been decided, by the games between Kansas and Missouri in Kansas City, and Iowa and Nebraska in Omaha, on Thanksgiving day, before this issue reaches the scene of conflict, and yet again it may not be decided, for should Missouri and Iowa win, then Missouri, Kansas, and Iowa would be tied for the pennant. Recent developments, however, point strongly to the victory of Kansas over Missouri, and of Iowa over Nebraska, in which case Kansas would be the winner of the series with three victories to her credit; Iowa being second, with two games won and one lost; Missouri third, with two lost and one won; and Nebraska would be last, with three lost.

The defensive work of Kansas shows great improvement in the last two weeks. The Nebraska team, while having some fair material, rarely attempts end plays, and depends almost entirely on bucking the line. Her team is heavy, but her work slow. It is neither a heady nor a resourceful team by any means, and seems to have relied entirely upon "beef" to win.

The good showing of Nebraska in the exhibition game, November 4th, against Denver A. C. was decidedly misleading, and came about, no doubt, by playing the D. A. C. after their Chicago A.C. game (for which they had especially prepared), while Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas met Denver in very raw condition, and with the D.A.C. team in fine fettle, training hard for the Chicago game.

The defeat of Kansas and Missouri by Baker may be accounted for in the same way. For while Missouri and Kansas were getting their new men in shape, Baker went into the contest with all old players and a good coach from Ann Arbor, who violated the rules by also playing with them.

In the Iowa-Missouri game the former had little trouble in bucking the Missouri lines for substantial gains, and circling the Missouri ends, which were also found weak. Missouri, on the other hand, was unable to get through the Iowa line, but made her gains (as with Nebraska) around Iowa's ends, aided by excellent interference. The Iowa line is probably the strongest in the Association, especially in the centre. Her ends are not so strong.

Outside of the college elevens the Denver Athletic Club team has taken its place as the best in the West, barring that of the Chicago Athletic Club. The Denver club has thus far played six games in rapid succession, with the following result: Denver 0, Chicago 6; Denver 8, Northwestern 0; Denver 58, Iowa 0; Denver 40, Missouri 0; Denver 24, Kansas 10; Denver 4, Nebraska 4. Football is proving very popular in the Queen City, over 5000 people witnessing the Denver-Kansas game, and besides the D.A.C. team there is a very good one at the School of Mines located at Golden, fifteen miles away; the rivalry between the two being strong and honors easy on wins.

Another team outside of the Association which is making an enviable record for itself is that of Baker University, located at Baldwin, Kansas, a town not far from Lawrence. The Baker team is composed of heavy men, and contains some speedy sprinters. This year it won from Missouri, 28–0; Kansas, 14–12; and played a tie with Nebraska. If its work improves, it may transpire that a team outside of the Association will virtually hold the college championship of this section.

Oberlin is another team that has been doing consistently good work throughout the season. It is a small college far down in Ohio, but it has put an eleven into the field that has shown some notably good team-work and clever interference. It has made such another record as Minnesota and Purdue University elevens, and the three should come together before going out of training. Oberlin has not been defeated this year, and among others it conquered the Chicago University eleven, which learned its football under A. A. Stagg. Oberlin's record shows that it beat Kenyon, 6–0, October 7th; Ohio University, 38–10, October 21st; Kenyon, 30–8, October 23d; Adelbert, 40–4, October 28th; Chicago University, 33–12, November 4th; University of Illinois, 34–24, November 6th.

Football scores to week ending November 25, 1893:

November 18th.—Princeton, 36; West Point, 4. University of Pennsylvania, 50; Cornell, 0. Lehigh, 10; Lafayette, 0. Naval Academy, 34; Franklin and Marshall, 6. Brown, 38; Massachusetts Technology, 6. Williams, 30; Amherst, 12. Orange A.C., 20; Crescent A. C., 4. University of Minnesota, 10; Ex-collegiates, 0. University of Michigan, 72; Northwestern, 6. Vanderbilt (Tennessee), 36; Louisville A. C., 12. William and Mary, 14; Old Dominion, 4. Kentucky, 14, Young Men's Christian Association, 4. Southern A. C., 12; Tulane University, 0. Kansas, 18; Nebraska, 0. Iowa, 34; Missouri, 12. November 22d.—University of Virginia, 12; Cadets, 0. November 23d.—Brown, 30; Tufts, 0. November 25th.—Yale, 6, Harvard, 0. Lehigh, 34; Univ. of North Carolina, 0. Michigan, 22; Kansas, 0. Detroit A. C., 0; Cleveland A. C., 0.

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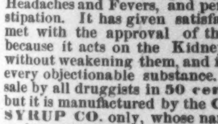

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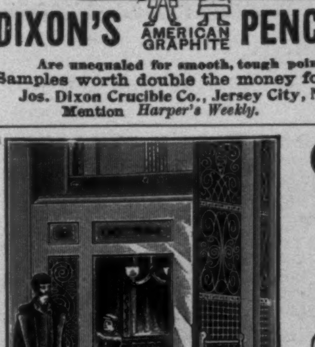

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